

THE GRAPHIC

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 555.—Vol. XXII.

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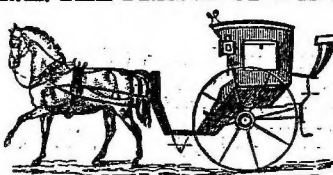
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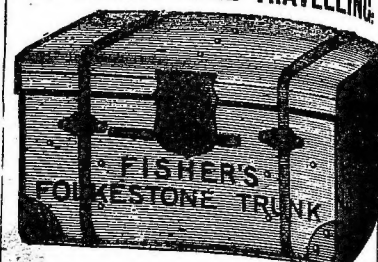
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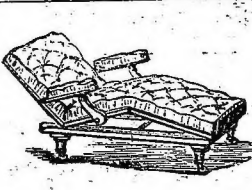
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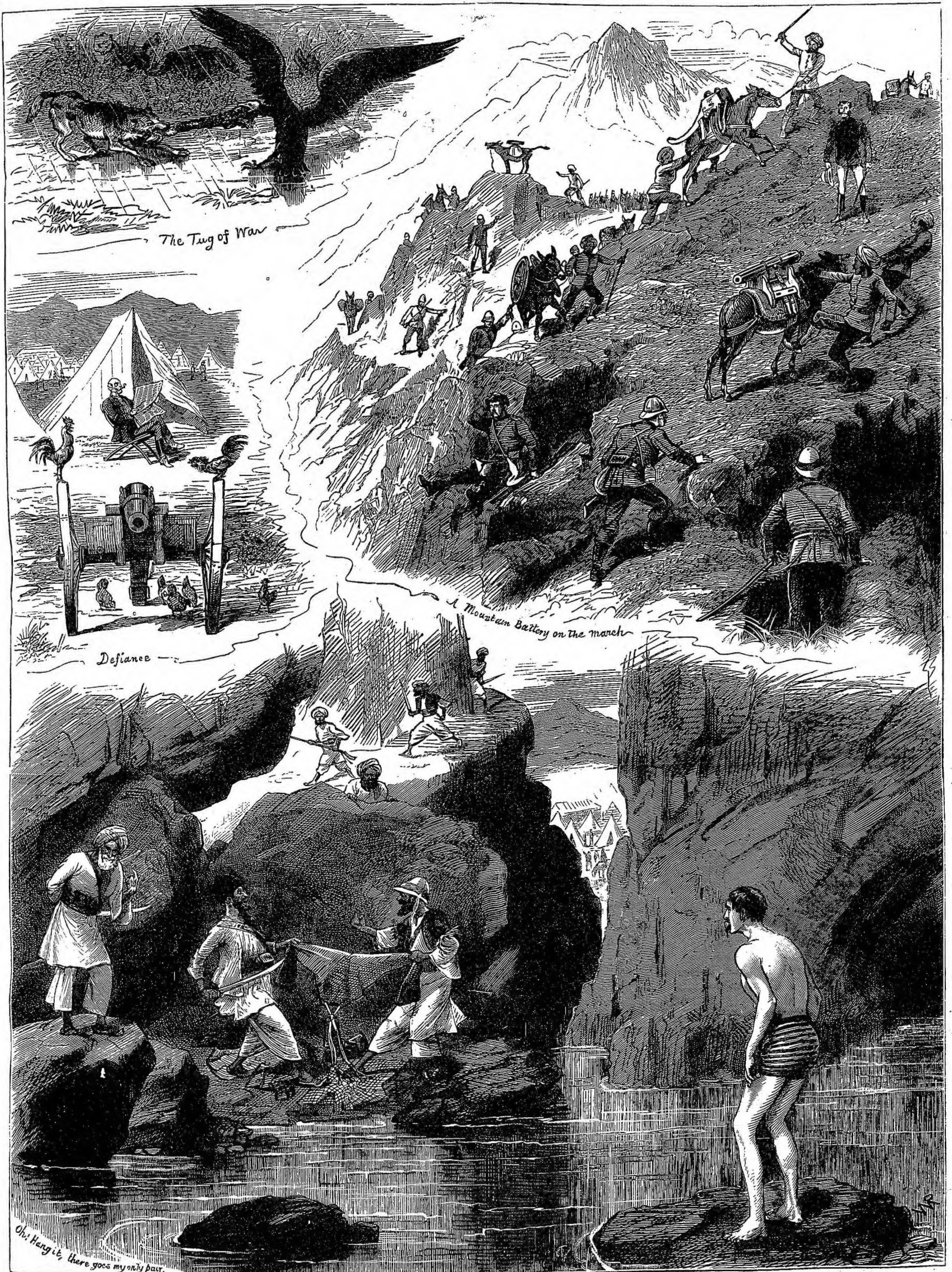
THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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SATURDAY, JULY 17, 1880

WITH EXTRA SUPPLEMENT [PRICE SIXPENCE
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Topics of the Week

THE REMAINDER OF THE SESSION.—As the usual six months, from February to August, during which Parliament sits have this year been interrupted by the throes of a general election, not even a very sanguine person could have expected an abundant crop of legislation. The harvest, however, seems likely to be scantier than the most sober-minded anticipated. It might have been supposed that a Government returned by a majority sufficient to overwhelm both Tories and Home Rulers combined could have accomplished any legislation upon which it had really set its heart, for in these days the House of Lords is prudently averse from controverting the clearly expressed will of the House of Commons. But this celerity of law-making has not been attained. On the contrary, the Government Bills move along slowly and uneasily, and, although all private legislation has been burked for their sake, it is doubtful if more than two or three of them will safely reach their goal before the Session closes. This slowness of movement is partly due to the rules of the House, which, though well enough adapted to the mode of transacting business in former times, now stand in urgent need of reform. For instance, several hours at the beginning of the sitting are now commonly consumed in asking and answering questions, so that the real business of the evening does not come on till hard-working men ought to be in bed. How we can expect the members of the Executive to show much energy during the daytime (which is the period when the country most needs their services) if they are to be kept sitting in the House hour after hour being badgered with questions, or listening to more or less prosy speeches to which they may be obliged to reply? But besides this, there is a deeper reason why, under the conduct of the present Government, legislation advances with halting steps. There is no genuine solidarity among the so-called Liberal party. In reality, although not in name, there are nearly as many divisions among them as in the French Chambers. Numbers of Liberals have shown plainly by their votes or by their abstentions that they do not like the Irish Compensation for Disturbance Bill. The Hares and Rabbits Bill is equally unpopular with the Moderate Liberals, since they hold that, for the sake of abating a grievance which is neither universal nor intolerable, it interferes unduly with the natural relations subsisting between landlord and tenant. Nor, seeing what Home Rulers are like in the flesh, is the Moderate Liberal likely to feel very enthusiastic about an extension of the Irish franchise. As for the Employers' Liability Bill, it is, or ought to be, quite outside of party politics, but it moves slowly because prudent men perceive that the subject is complex and difficult. Our young Radical friend, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, has a short and easy method out of all these troubles. "Purge the House," he cries. Not by bringing in a file of soldiers, as under Cromwell; not by the guillotine, as under Robespierre; but by the further extension of the suffrage. He thinks we shall then get a House of Commons Radical enough even for Mr. Gladstone when he is most disposed to wield his axe against "upas-trees."

THE COLLECTIVE NOTE.—Nothing could be more pacific in appearance than the Collective Note in which the Powers have expressed the decision of the Berlin Conference. There is not even a hint of the possibility of coercion; Europe simply assumes the part of a mediator, and advises Turkey and Greece to make up their differences in a particular way. Behind the smooth words, however, Turkey can hardly fail to detect a menace. The mere fact that such a Note is presented is in itself an indirect threat, for if it were neglected the Powers could scarcely afford to let things "slide" in the old way. Least of all could England content herself with merely looking on if the Turks adopted a policy of defiance. She has committed herself so decidedly under Mr. Gladstone's guidance to the Hellenic cause that if the Greeks tried to seize the new frontier it is difficult to see how Great Britain could avoid going to their aid. In that case the chances are that the Eastern Question in its whole extent would be reopened, and we should probably have before us a general European war. It is, therefore, a question of the highest interest and importance, whether Turkey means to yield to the will of her counsellors. Nobody can be quite sure either that she will or that she will not; but at present the evidence is decidedly in favour of the latter alternative. The Mahomedan population continue to declaim against the proposals of Europe, and the Sultan is known to share the views of his orthodox subjects. Troops are being massed on the Greek frontier; and although Osman Pasha has been dismissed, it is not certain that he has not abandoned his ministerial functions to resume those of a Commander-in-Chief. Should this be his intention, his so-called dismissal must be regarded as one of the most ominous symptoms of the prevailing feeling in Constantinople.

NATIONAL FETES.—Our nationality is more widely spread than any other in the world; there are outlying bits of England all over the globe, yet we are very chary of formally recognising that nationality by any special day of observance. The anniversaries of St. Andrew, St. Patrick, and St. David are celebrated with heartiness by the Scotch, Irish, and

Welsh; while the English are almost oblivious of the claims of St. George. The popular refrain, "He is an Englishman," is satirical, not sentimental, and two of our most popular holidays are connected, not with any reminiscences of national independence, but with horse racing and boat racing. This abstinence may partly arise from modesty, but it is also due in a great measure to downright dullness and stupidity. The mass of Englishmen are very imperfectly acquainted with the history and traditions of their own country, regarded as a whole. This indifference does not exist elsewhere. If Americans know nothing else they know American history. French artisans are proud of their literary and artistic celebrities, from an instinct of national pride, in which Englishmen are very deficient. Little Belgium is about to celebrate her independence by a series of *fêtes* extending over two mortal months. An Englishman may sneer and say, "Compared with ours, their independence is a thing of yesterday, no wonder they brag about it." But he should remember that the provinces now styled Belgium were famous for their art and industry at a time when England was sunk in comparative barbarism, and that the modern Belgians are proud of their ancient glories. And now we come to the French *fêtes*. These, though styled National, are less truly national than the celebrations of Belgium or the United States. They represent the triumph of a political party, and, to a large number of Frenchmen, the very name of Republic is distasteful. Nevertheless, now that the Republic has been peaceably established for a good many years, it is but fair that it should have a festival day of its own to make up for the vanished Napoleonic 15th of August. Altogether, no better day could be chosen than the 14th of July; it is in the height of summer, and though no right-thinking person can be proud of the so-called "Storming of the Bastille," when a handful of faithful soldiers were massacred by a bloodthirsty mob, yet it is incontestable that from that day the Revolution, with all its deeds of good and evil, began its mighty march. As it is still marching, and as the sound of its footsteps still re-echoes through the world, it is fitting that the portentous day of its birth should be the feast-day of the restored Republic.

THE IRISH LAND BILL.—The Government can hardly congratulate themselves on the success of their attempt to conciliate Ireland. The Irish have not been conciliated, and some of Mr. Gladstone's most faithful supporters have been seriously offended. The truth seems to be that the Ministry sanctioned the introduction of Mr. Forster's Bill without fully comprehending its significance. It has been proved that by a misunderstanding of statistics they enormously overrated the evil which the measure was designed to remedy, since the number of evictions in Ireland bears a very small proportion to the notices of ejectment. And they do not appear to have realised that their proposal in its original form would simply have had the effect of heavily fining the landlords and stirring up extravagant hopes among the peasantry. Hence the remarkable changes through which the Bill has passed, changes so great that even if the scheme is accepted by the House of Commons the House of Lords would be justified in rejecting it on the ground that it must have been hastily and carelessly conceived. The inevitable effect of such a measure is to retard the true progress of Ireland. When the present Parliament met there was no sign that Mr. Parnell's agitation had produced a permanent impression. There were even indications that the agricultural population looked upon it as a failure, and were beginning to reconcile themselves to the existing system as inevitable. Now we hear of anti-rent meetings again, and the speeches delivered at some of them are as violent as any of those which attracted so much attention last autumn. If the Liberal Government intended to concede the leading demands of the peasantry, it might be justified in proposing to suspend eviction for non-payment of rent; but it is cruel to arouse expectations which can never be satisfied.

NEXT YEAR'S CENSUS.—There are a race of worthy folks who have an insatiable appetite for anything in the way of statistics, and who would like to make the decennial numbering of the people an excuse for collecting all sorts of interesting information. The Government cannot be blamed for snubbing these people, for, as it is, the cost of taking the Census is considerable, and, moreover, if all the questions were asked which well-meaning persons of the Social Science type would like to have asked, the exasperated householder would in many instances bid the enumerator go to—Halifax or elsewhere, and so the Census would not be taken at all. But there are two directions in which we think the inquisition might be amplified. Why should the Government be so afraid of the "working man" as to shrink from asking him what wages he gets? No such delicacy is exhibited towards the poor patient law-abiding middle classes. We have to confide the amount of our incomes to an official gentleman, who forthwith rewards our frankness by dipping his hand into our pockets, and fishing up a certain number of coins as income-tax. Then why should England, and England alone, be so squeamish about a religious Census? A religious census is taken in Scotland and Ireland (where theological animosity by no means slumbers) in France and Germany, and, we believe, in all the colonies. It is to please the Non-conformists, we imagine, that the Government have resolved to refuse this information. The Noncons are afraid that the Established Church will appear unfairly strong, because all

the lukewarm religionists will be written down "Church of England," but we suspect that they are still more afraid lest some of their own bodies should prove to be less numerous than they are reputed to be. In our opinion, as somebody once said, a man's religion is the most interesting thing about him, but as the Gladstone Government "funk" both the Dissenter and the artisan, no inconvenient questions are likely to be asked either about creeds or wages.

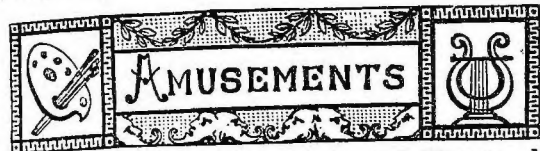
THE NEW UNIVERSITY.—The people of the North of England will no longer be dependent on Oxford, Cambridge, and London for University degrees. They have now a University of their own; and in some respects it is one of the most interesting experiments in the higher education which have been made in modern times. For it is not, like London University, a mere examining body; it is intended also to give regular courses of instruction. At the same time the colleges will not, as in the case of Oxford or Cambridge, be confined to one town; they will be established in various centres of life, and by and by there will probably not be an important city in the North without its college. For several centuries one of the chief intellectual advantages of Germany has been its possession of a large number of Universities, each of which has acted as a stimulus to thought and learning over a wide area. The colleges of the new University will exercise the same influence in England, and as they start with the benefit of the experience of other institutions, there is no reason why they should not surpass the German Universities. The question has been raised whether they ought to devote themselves mainly to education or to the encouragement of research, but the public have no doubts on this point. The new University is meant in the first instance to be a place of education, and it is expected to make use of all the best modern methods of directing and encouraging mental effort. The task of original research comes next, but fortunately the two kinds of duty do not necessarily conflict. Some of the most distinguished University teachers of the day are also among the most prominent observers and thinkers.

THE LONDON PARKS.—Every year a desultory and rather grumbling conversation takes place in the House of Commons when the estimates for the Parks are brought forward, and Mr. Adam (although, like his illustrious namesake and ancestor, gardening is his business) probably did not feel exactly in Paradise while this shower of growls and suggestions was going on round him. To begin with: Why should the London Parks be supported out of the national pocket? It is easy to see how this arrangement came into being. Most of the Parks were originally intended rather for the delectation of Royalty than for that of the community. But now that they have practically become pleasure-grounds for the people, why should the provinces be asked to contribute to what is essentially a Londoners' recreation ground? London is, of course, the national centre, and a great many provincials come here, and enjoy the Parks, but as they pay us for their board and lodging while here, why should we make them pay for the grass and shrubs in the Parks, while we don't make them pay for the pavement or the gas? The upshot of our thoughts is that when London as a whole (and not merely that little kernel styled "the City") shall be provided with a decent Municipal Government, the management of the Parks should be made over to that body. We incline to think that they would be somewhat more popularly administered. There is a feeling abroad at present that rather too much is done for the frequenters of Rotten Row, and for the smart people who stroll among the trim flower-beds, while on the other hand there is a great paucity of gratis seats. Many people, especially women in delicate health of the not-too-prosperous classes, would far oftener visit the Parks for the sake of an hour's fresh air, and the soothing influences of trees and flowers, if they could be sure of getting a seat without paying for it. To a poor person a penny for every visit is often a prohibitory tax. At the same time, and chiefly in the interest of the respectable poor, the old rules about a certain decency of attire being requisite for admission to the Parks might be revived in a modified form. It is not an edifying sight on a fine day to see scores of ragged creatures snoring on the grass of St. James's Park, or to find the benches occupied by dirty roughs stretched out at full length. We commend these observations to the notice of the Chief Commissioner of Works, who, personally, we are sure, is anxious to make the Parks both attractive and accessible to all well-behaved persons.

BULGARIA AND EAST ROUMELIA.—Sir Charles Dilke was exceedingly cautious in his answer to the question of Sir H. D. Wolff respecting the supposed intentions of Bulgaria. The Bulgarian Government, he declared, repudiated the charge of wishing to effect a union with East Roumelia. He omitted to indicate, however, whether the protestations of Bulgaria are confirmed by her actions. It is well known that she has for some time been stimulating the Pan-Bulgarian agitation in East Roumelia, and that, partly in consequence of her liberal aid, that enterprising little State is very nearly ready for insurrection. The Bulgarians themselves are not so well prepared; but they are organising their forces as quickly as possible, and the National Assembly has just passed a Bill, of which the main object is to enable the Government to place the military power of the country under a Russian general. Some

politicians are of opinion that it might be as well not to throw obstacles in the way of the Pan-Bulgarian scheme, and if Bulgaria and East Roumelia were alone concerned something might be said for this view. But behind them is Russia, which is scarcely at pains to conceal her purpose of using a large Bulgarian State as a stepping-stone towards Constantinople. It has sometimes been urged by Mr. Gladstone that the Bulgarians would be too much attached to their liberties to allow Russia to interfere with them; but the same thing used to be said of the Roumanians, and we know how completely they were dominated from St. Petersburg at the outbreak of the late war. If Russia really intends to become mistress of the whole of South-Eastern Europe, every fresh disturbance in these regions more or less encourages her designs.

NOTICE.—With this Number is issued an EXTRA FOUR-PAGE SUPPLEMENT, forming TITLE-PAGE and INDEX to VOL. XXI.



LYCEUM THEATRE.—Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. HENRY IRVING.—EVERY EVENING (excepting Saturday), at 7.45, THE MERCHANT OF VENICE (24th time), terminating with the Trial Scene. Shylock, Mr. Irving; Portia, Miss Ellen Terry. Concluding with IOLANDE, Miss Ellen Terry and Mr. Irving. SATURDAY EVENING, July 17th and 24th, at 8, THE BELLS (Last Two Nights), Mathias, Mr. Irving, and IOLANDE, Mr. Irving and Miss Ellen Terry. Last Two Morning Performances of THE MERCHANT OF VENICE, Saturdays, July 17th and 24th, at 2. Shylock, Mr. Irving; Portia, Miss Ellen Terry. Box Office (Mr. Hurst) open 10 to 5. Mr. HENRY IRVING'S ANNUAL BENEFIT (and Last Night of the Season), SATURDAY, July 31st.

NEW SADLER'S WELLS.—Mrs. S. F. BATEMAN, Proprietor and Manager.—Summer Season.—Engagement for EIGHTH NIGHTS of the popular American artists, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. KNIGHT, who will appear in their comedy-drama, descriptive of the adventures of a German emigrant, entitled OTTO, as played by them and their company throughout the United States, and the chief provincial towns of Great Britain, with remarkable success.

BRITANNIA THEATRE, HOXTON.—Sole Lessee, Mrs. S. LANE.—Every Evening, at 7, THE ORANGE GIRL, Misses Adams, Summers, Rayner, &c.; Messrs. J. B. Howe, Reynolds, Lewis, &c. CONCERT, concluding with PAVED WITH GOLD, Misses M. A. Bellair, M. Brewer; Messrs. Reynolds, Newbould, &c. Wednesday, Benefit of Mr. E. Newbould.

NEW GRECIAN THEATRE, City Road.—Sole Proprietor, Mr. T. G. CLARK.—Every Evening, at 7, GIVE ME MY WIFE. At 7.30, THE SHAUGHRAUN. Conn. Mr. J. H. Clydes, Messrs. Sennett, Dobell, &c.; Misses Coveney and Victor. Wednesday, for the Benefit of Mr. George Gillett.

BRIGHTON THEATRE ROYAL AND OPERA-HOUSE.—Proprietress and Manager, Mrs. H. N. CHART.—On MONDAY, July 19th, Last Six Nights of the Renowned HANLON-LEES and AGOST.

CANTERBURY THEATRE OF VARIETIES. Under Royal Patronage.—Best Entertainment in the World. Special Engagement of all the Star Artists. Every Evening at 8, Miss Nellie Power, Nellie Jennings, Lizzie Simms; G. H. Macdermott, Arthur Roberts, James Fawn, Victor Liston, Fred Law, Bros. Gee, and Dextera. Concluding with a Comic Sketch.

CANTERBURY.—GREAT SUCCESS OF M. Dewinne's New Grand Ballet, NYMPHS OF THE OCEAN. Music by M. E. Frewin. Premiere Danseuses: Mdles. Ada and Alice Holt, supported by Mdles. Broughton, Powell, Aguti; M. Dewinne, M. Carlos, M. Bertram, and the Corps de Ballet.

NYMPHS OF THE OCEAN. Every Evening at 10. Brilliant Scene Effects, Magnificent Transformation, Gorgeous Dresses, Pretty Music, and the Best of Dancers. "It is not easy to convey to the reader in words an idea of the beauty of the Ballet. It is worthy to rank with anything of the kind that has preceded it."—*ERA*—THE CANTERBURY.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.

MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS. THIRD and LAST WEEK BUT TWO of the engagement of those truly great American comedians, MR. GEORGE THATCHER, MR. POWERS, MR. JOHNSON, and MR. E. M. HALL, whose quaint and original stories are nightly received with screams of laughter and applause.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.

MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS. ENTIRE CHANGE OF PROGRAMME. Such a sterling success as that which has been achieved by those eminent American comedians, MR. GEORGE THATCHER, MR. JOHNSON, MR. POWERS, and MR. E. M. HALL, is an event of but rare occurrence. Their rich sense of humour and remarkably quaint sayings keep the audience convulsed with laughter.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.

MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS. EVERY NIGHT AT 8. MONDAYS, WEDNESDAYS, AND SATURDAYS, AT 3 AND 8. ENTIRE CHANGE OF PROGRAMME. New and Powerful Company. Including the Four Great Comedians of the San Francisco Minstrels:—Mr. George Thatcher, Mr. Powers, Mr. E. M. Hall, and Mr. Johnson.

MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT. ST. GEORGE'S HALL, Langham Place. Manager, Messrs. Alfred Reed and Corney Grain. VERY CATCHING, by F. C. Burnand; music by J. L. Molloy. After which OUR ASCOT PARTY, by Mr. Corney Grain. Concluding with A FLYING VISIT, by A. Law, Music by Corney Grain. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday Evenings at 8. Thursday and Saturday Afternoons at 3. Admission, 1s., 2s.; stalls, 3s. and 5s. Last Week of the Season. Will Close Saturday, July 24.

SCHOECK'S MIDNIGHT SUN, and his other works, the result of 10 years' travel. FISCHER HINNEN'S SMOKE DRAWINGS.—172, New Bond Street.

H.M.S. "ATALANTA" FUND.—SPECIAL NOTICE.—The Proprietor of the FINE ART GALLERY, 172, New Bond Street, begs to announce that he has arranged with the Right Hon. the LORD MAYOR to devote the proceeds of all admissions on FRIDAY and SATURDAY, the 16th and 17th July, in aid of the above FUND. SCHOECK'S MIDNIGHT SUN, and Mr. FISCHER'S SMOKE DRAWINGS, the only novelty in art of the season. Admission One Shilling.

CORPORATION OF LIVERPOOL.

AUTUMN EXHIBITION OF PICTURES IN OIL AND WATER COLOURS.

NOTICE TO ARTISTS.—The EXHIBITION will OPEN on MONDAY, September 14th, and CLOSE on SATURDAY, December 4th. Receiving Days—August and the 14th, both inclusive. London Agents—James Bourne, 17, Nassau Street, Middlesex. Works of Art intended for exhibition, and all communications, must be addressed to the Curator, Mr. Charles Dyll, Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool. Forms and further particulars may be had on application. JOSEPH RAYNER, Town Clerk, Hon. Sec.

INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION for RHINELAND, WEST-PHALLA, and neighbouring districts, in connection with a Universal German Art Exhibition at Düsseldorf, 1880, open from the 6th May to the end of September, 1880. This Exhibition, the largest that has ever been held in the German Empire, Gardens, every attraction to the eye, the magnificent pleasure grounds of the Zoological Antiquities to be found in a prominent Annex. Admission, from 8 to 10 a.m., 2 marks; from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m., 1 mark. Every afternoon at 3 o'clock a large number is held. In the evening the gardens are lighted by the electric light. Numerous elegantly-arranged restaurants, old-fashioned German wine and beer rooms, with nearly 100 home and foreign newspapers, electric railway and lift to the tower and Bergisch-Markisch Railways. The connection with the town is made by tramways, omnibuses, and a single track of the Bergisch-Markisch Railway. Post and telegraph offices. Gratis information concerning apartments to be obtained from the office, Bazarstrasse No. 5, Düsseldorf.

SAVOY HOUSE.—GALLERY OF ENGRAVINGS by the GREAT MASTERS. Also Specimens of Reproductions in Chromo-lithography and Colour Printing, from the Paintings of the English, French, German, and Continental Schools. Catalogues post-free on application to the Manager, at the Gallery, Savoy House, 115 and 116, Strand, London, W.C.

DORIS GREAT WORKS, "ECCE HOMO" ("Full of Divine dignity," *The Times*), and "THE ASCENSION," with "CHRIST LEAVING THE TEMPLUM," and "CHRIST ENTERING JERUSALEM," and all his other great pictures at the DORE GALLERY, 35, New Bond Street. Daily 10 to 6. 1s.

BRIGHTON.—EVERY SUNDAY, A CHEAP FIRST-CLASS TRAIN from Victoria 10.45 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon; from London Bridge 10.35 a.m., calling at Croydon. Day Return Ticket, 10s.

BRIGHTON.—PULLMAN DRAWING-ROOM CAR TRAINS leave Victoria for Brighton every Week-day at 10.0 a.m. and 4.30 p.m., and from Brighton at 9.45 a.m. and 5.45 p.m.; and on Sundays from Victoria 10.45 a.m.; and from Brighton 8.30 p.m.

THE GRAND AQUARIUM AT BRIGHTON.—EVERY SATURDAY. Cheap Fast Trains from Victoria at 10.55 and 11.50 a.m., and London Bridge at 9.30 a.m. and 12.0 noon. Day Return Fare—1st Class, Half-a-guinea (including admission to the Aquarium and the Royal Pavillion).

PARIS.—SHORTEST CHEAPEST ROUTE. VIA NEWHAVEN, DIEPPE, AND ROUEN.

DAY SERVICE.—Every Weekday morning. NIGHT SERVICE.—Leaving Victoria 7.50 p.m., and London Bridge 8.0 p.m. every Weekday. FARES.—London to Paris and Back. . . . 1st Class, 2nd Class. Available for Return within One Month. . . . £2 15 0. £1 19 0. Third Class Return Tickets (by the Night Service), 30s. A Through Conductor will accompany the Passengers by the Special Day Service throughout to Paris, and vice versa. Powerful Paddle Steamers with excellent cabins, &c. Trains run alongside Steamers at Newhaven and Dieppe. HAVRON.—Passengers booked through by this route every Week-night from Victoria and London Bridge, via Littlehampton, every Monday and Wednesday. SOUTH OF FRANCE, ITALY, SWITZERLAND, &c. Passengers are now booked through from London, To Italy, Switzerland, and the South of France, by this route.

TICKETS and every information at the Brighton Company's West End General Office, 28, Regent Circus, Piccadilly; and at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations. J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

GLASGOW AND HIGHLANDS.—Royal Route Crinan and Caledonian Canals. Steamer *Columba* or *Jona* daily, 7 a.m., for OBAN, Staffa, Iona, West Highlands. Guide Book, 2d.; Illustrated, 6d.; Maps, Bills, Fares, free by post.—DAVID MACBRAYNE, No. 110, Hope Street, Glasgow.



THE CAMPAIGN IN AFGHANISTAN

NOTES IN CAMP PEYWAN

These sketches are from the pen of an officer whose good spirits are manifestly not daunted by the hardships of a campaign. These he treats in a veritable Mark Tapley vein, and after describing how the tents one night had given way under the weight of the frozen snow, he goes on to remark that "the wild animals of the country seem rather to enjoy the cold weather—the vultures especially. They are a very sporting lot, and get up tugs of war with the wolves, jackals, and pariah dogs." Another of his sketches is taken from his tent door, and depicts the farmyard of the camp, but from his description the scene is not always so peaceful. "There have been a great number of thefts of baggage animals during the last fortnight. The sentries have shot one or two thieves, but the nights are so dark that it has been difficult to distinguish them. I and another man intend sitting up to-night behind some grain-bags in the hope of getting a shot at one of these rascals, who crawl along on their stomachs, and cutting the tethering ropes walk off with their booty. The other night some one fired a slug into our camp, one piece struck the foot of my tent as I was going to bed, and last night an earthquake woke me up just as I was going to sleep—it is very annoying that occurrences do not happen at some more decent time." The sketch of the mountain battery illustrates the difficulty of transporting artillery over the mountains. The guns are carried on the backs of mules, and, of course, are small, only seven-pounders, but they have a range of 8,000 yards. The gun itself is carried on the back of one mule, the wheels on a second, and the carriage on a third. The gunners march by the side of the mules, the officers in front. "And," writes our correspondent, "away we go over mountains and precipices of an alarming description. The native drivers are not very strong in the arms, and sometimes the mule breaks away, but the driver is always punished for this. The ammunition, tents, and baggage are all carried by these useful animals." The bathing sketch, where an unfortunate officer has been surprised by a band of Afghan marauders, explains itself.

THE DERONTA GORGE

THE Deronta Gorge is situated about eight miles from Jellalabad, and is formed by the Cabul river cutting through a spur of the Safed Koh range. The spur separates the Jellalabad from the Lughman Valley. Our sketch was taken from the Deronta heights, looking down stream into the Jellalabad Valley, with the snow-clad crest of the Safed Koh range in the distance. Early in the present year the Gorge was traversed by a detachment of General Bright's division, who were marching into the Lughman Valley, in order to reconnoitre and to seize the forts of Asmatoolah Khan and other unruly chieftains. In order to enter the valley without fording the river, it was necessary to cross the rocky and precipitous spur on the right bank by ascending and descending some 800 feet over the most rugged and difficult ground—the bank near the river being too precipitous for even unarmed men to scramble over. The heavy artillery, elephants, baggage camels, &c., crossed the river and recrossed beyond the gorge, but the infantry, mountain batteries, &c., traversed the spur over the road constructed in four days by the A., C., and I. Companies of the Queen's Own (Madras) Sappers, commanded by Major Ross Thompson, R.E. The line, a most difficult one to select, was chosen by Lieut.-Colonel D. Limond, commanding the Royal Engineers of the Division. "As the work was of unusual difficulty," writes the officer to whom we are indebted for the sketch, "and importance, General Bright has placed on record his appreciation of the services rendered by the officers and men employed, and of the skill and rapidity with which the road was made."

THE SIAMESE EMBASSY

KING KHOUALONKORN of Siam is a very different sovereign from his neighbour, King Thebaw of Burmah. A mild and considerate ruler, he devotes his attention not to oppressing his subjects, insulting Europeans, and to rioting and feasting, but to spreading civilisation throughout his realm, and to cultivating good relations with the world outside, and with the European nations in particular, so that the trade and commerce of his country increase year by year. The young King, who is only six-and-twenty years of age, had intended to visit Europe, and especially England, but circumstances not having permitted this, he has sent over an Ambassador to Her Majesty—Chow Phya Bhanu Wongse Maha Kosa Thibodi—to be the bearer of a letter of good-will, and to invest the Queen and the Prince of Wales with the Order of the White Elephant—the highest Order in the kingdom—and which is reserved exclusively for crowned heads, and which hitherto has only been conferred upon the Emperor of Germany. This Order was instituted by the late King for European Sovereigns, and has been

placed by the present Sovereign in the first rank of all Siamese decorations. As may be seen by our illustration of the collar, the decoration itself is a curious work of art, embodying, as a writer in the *Daily Telegraph* recently described, the national Royal symbolism of the Premier Buddhist Kingdom, with its seven rays, lotus and trident, the sword and torch, and other mythological and historical emblems of Siamese State. Then there is the elephant of sacred white, with the umbrellas, a series of canopies which gradually diminishing in size complete the lofty cone formed of concentric circles, and thus symbolise over the head they shade, the accumulated dignity of a pyramid of crowns. The quaint workmanship and the curious combination of colours in the enamelling and ribbon further enhance the singularity of the Royal jewel. The Ambassador and his suite were received by Her Majesty at Windsor Castle, on the 2nd inst., and after presenting his credentials the Ambassador presented the Queen with a letter from the King, and delivered a short address stating that his Sovereign, "desiring to give a proof of his high esteem and regard for your Majesty, has appointed me his Ambassador-Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to offer to your Majesty in his Royal name and person the most exalted and distinguished Royal Order of the White Elephant of Siam." The Ambassador further expressed a hope that the amicable relations existing between the two countries might be fostered and perpetuated in increasing happiness and prosperity, and then presented Her Majesty with the insignia of the Order, which were borne upon a cushion, by the Secretary, Prince Prisdang, the Secretary of the Embassy. In return Her Majesty made a gracious reply, and invested the Ambassador with the insignia of Knight Commander of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, and conferred the Companionship of the same Order upon Prince Prisdang. The other members of the suite, who numbered seven, were also presented to Her Majesty, but Phya Ratna Kosa, the First Secretary of the Embassy, whose portrait we engrave amongst others, was unable to be present through indisposition.

THE ALLEGED APPARITIONS AT KNOCK

THE little village of Knock, near Claremorris, county Mayo, Ireland, has lately become famous as the scene of several miraculous visions, and hundreds of pilgrims are now flocking to it, some for devotional purposes only, and others in the hope of being cured of various diseases which afflict them. The first of the apparitions was seen on the night of the 21st of August last year by about twenty persons, who remained watching it from 7.30 until 10 o'clock. They agree in describing it as a kind of raised picture or group of living statuary, standing out, so to speak, from one of the walls of the chapel, the figures being those of the Blessed Virgin, St. Joseph, and St. John, besides which there was the likeness of an altar and a lamb, with a crucifix in the background. On the 2nd of January last, at noon, the parish priest, the Rev. Archdeacon Cavanagh, and some other persons, saw mysterious lights upon the gable and on the outside of a pillar, supporting a figure, which latter was however, too indistinct for recognition, whilst on the outside were more pillars and some luminous scrolls. These supposed supernatural appearances have been repeated on several subsequent occasions, and are firmly believed in by thousands of the faithful, who travel from all parts of the United Kingdom to pray at the shrine. A great number of miraculous cures are also alleged to have been effected, lameness, blindness, and deafness being cured by the eating or outward application of bits of the brickwork and cement from the wall, which has been so much picked and scraped away for this purpose that it has now been boarded over. More than 200 such cures are vouched for by those who have taken pains to investigate the cases. An inquiry into the alleged visions and cures has been made by a commission, consisting of learned priests and Church dignitaries, appointed by the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Tuam, and they have reported officially that the testimony is trustworthy and satisfactory. The Church has, however, as yet made no declaration concerning them, and even among Roman Catholics there are some who still have doubts. This being the case, it is hardly necessary for us to give an opinion. Suffice it to say that the place is now a centre of intense religious excitement, and will probably be for some time to come an Irish Lourdes.—Our engravings, which need no explanation, are from photographs by Henry D. Brown, 93, Lower George Street, Kingstown.

THE BEST SHOT IN THE BRITISH ARMY

SERGEANT ARMSTRONG, late Master Cook, 2nd Battalion Rifle Brigade, has lately been awarded a silver medal as the best shot in the British Army, 1878-9, receiving at the same time complimentary mention from H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge and from Colonel J. P. Carr Glynn, Commanding the 2nd Battalion Rifle Brigade. The score was as follows:—1st period, 67 points; 2nd period, 68 points; 3rd period, 72 points. Total, 207 points. In 1877-8 Sergeant Armstrong was only beaten by Sergeant Salmon, 72nd Highlanders, by two points for the same honours.

Having completed twenty-one years' service Sergeant Armstrong now holds the position of hall porter at the Brighton New Club (King's Road), and is in possession of medals for Ashantee, and bar for Coomassie, for distinguished conduct in the field. These he received from Her Majesty's own hands at Windsor Castle, as well as one for long service and good conduct, and a gold star for being the best shot in the Battalion for two years in succession.

Sergeant Armstrong is a total abstainer, very moderate in the use of tobacco, and shoots with both eyes open.—Our portrait is from a photograph by J. Porrel, Gibraltar.

NEW ZEALAND RIFLE ASSOCIATION MEETING, 1880

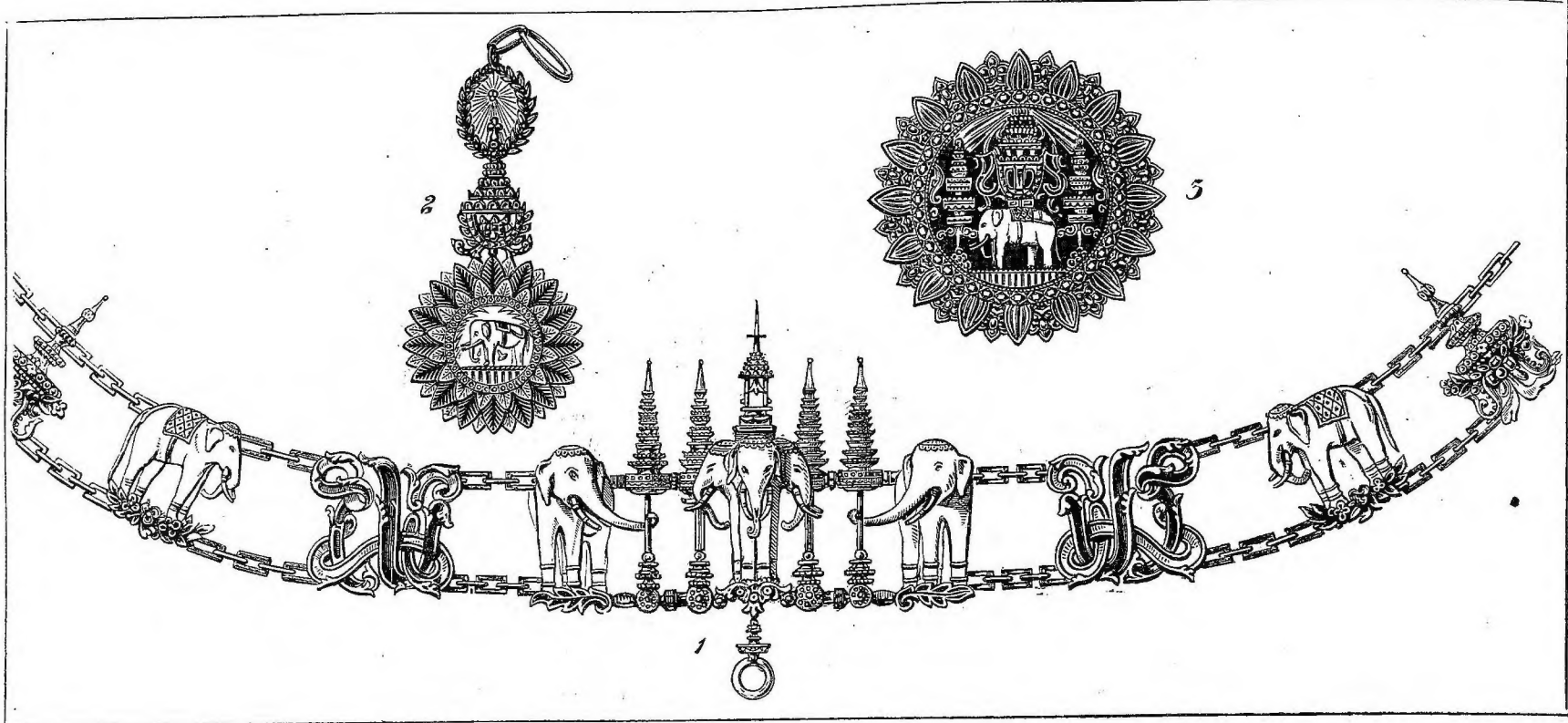
WHAT Wimbledon is to the English Volunteer, Brightwater is to the Volunteer of New Zealand. The 1st of March is the opening day, and for some days prior to it, every steamer that comes into the harbour of Nelson brings its quota of representatives.

This year the greater portion came into Nelson at night, and the scene on the wharf was both picturesque and lively, and as each representative arrived he was put into the train and whisked off to the town, where accommodation was provided for him. On Sunday, February 29, there was a Church Parade, and on Monday the Volunteers proceeded in a body to the camp at Brightwater, where they remained under military discipline until the end of the meeting, the camp being under the command of Colonel Packe, a Crimean hero, with Major Lean as Camp Adjutant.

The winner of the Rifle Championship was Volunteer Oakey, of Taranaki, who took the Champion Belt, the Gold Medal, and twenty pounds in money. The winner of the Carbine Champion Belt was Seaman Thomas, of the Thames Naval Brigade, who also took a gold medal and ten pounds in money. The respective scores are: Oakey, 279; Thomas, 268.

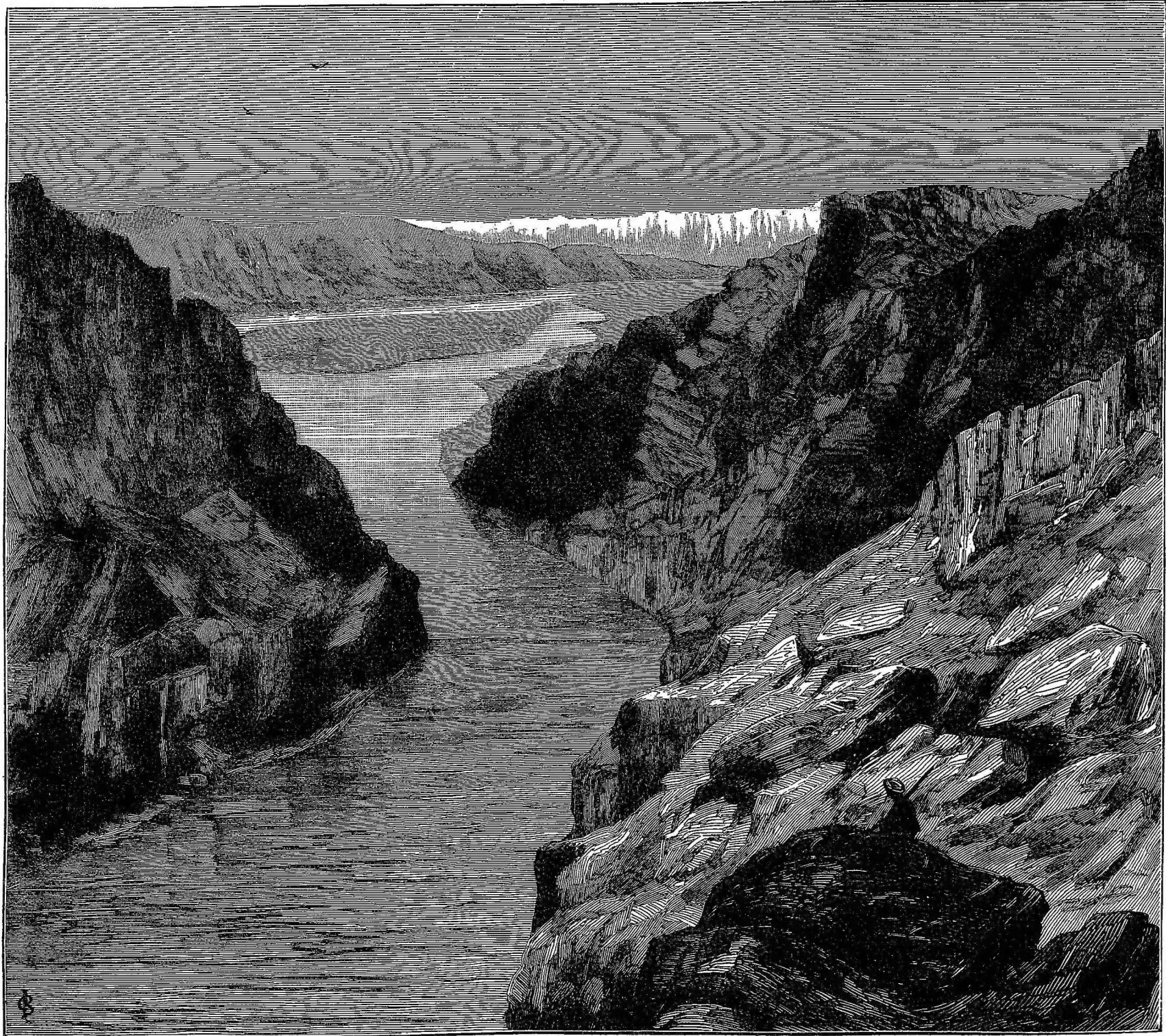
A SOUTH AFRICAN WIMBLEDON

THE word Wimbledon, as denoting a place consecrated to Volunteer rifle practice, seems likely to spread all over the English-speaking world. This week we publish a sketch of the meeting of the South African Wimbledon Association, which took place in February at D'Urban, a village near Cape Town, and connected with the metropolis by railway (not to be confounded with Durban, the seaport of the colony of Natal, which lies hundreds of miles away to the north-east). The rules of the English Wimbledon, we learn, are followed to the letter. By the morning of Tuesday, February 10, the names of ninety-two competitors for the prizes had been entered, and shooting soon began, and went on



1. The Collar.—2. The Badge.—3. The Star.

THE ROYAL ORDER OF THE WHITE ELEPHANT OF SIAM CONFERRED UPON HER MAJESTY BY THE KING OF SIAM



AFGHANISTAN—THE DERONTA GORGE



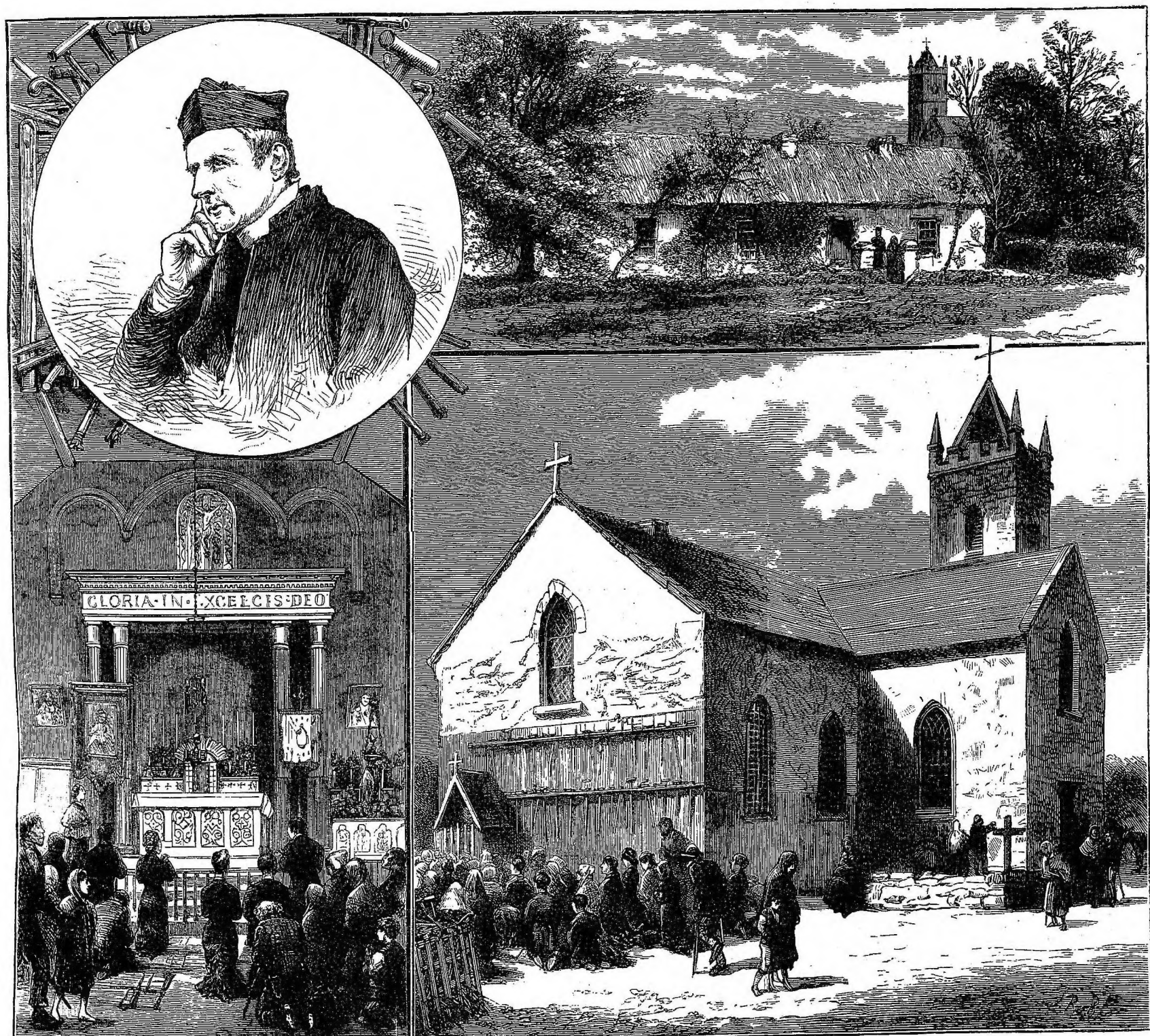
CHOW PHYA BHANU WONGSE MAHA KOSA THIBODI
Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary

NAI SANTA VICHAI
Attaché

PHYA RATNA KOSA
First Secretary

PHRA SRI DHRAMASA SAN
Attaché

THE SIAMESE AMBASSADOR AND SOME MEMBERS OF THE EMBASSY



1. Father Kavanagh, the Pastor of Knock.—2. Father Kavanagh's House and Knock Chapel in the Distance.—3. Inside the Chapel: The Altar.—4. Knock Chapel: The Gable End against which the Apparitions are alleged to have appeared.

THE ALLEGED APPARITIONS AT KNOCK

prosperously. Friday, February 13, was the great day of the meeting, as D'Urban was then honoured by the presence of the Governor, Sir Bartle Frere, Lady and the Misses Frere, and other distinguished personages. A gaily-decorated arch was put up at the entrance to the village, and such an abundant display of bunting was made that the camp presented quite a brilliant appearance. In a speech which Sir Bartle Frere made after luncheon, he said that he regarded his presence there as a public duty, that a movement of this kind, promoting as it did self-defence, tended greatly towards the prosperity of the country, and that he hoped at some future gathering members from the other States and Colonies of South Africa would be present. The weather during the meeting was cool and pleasant (which is not always the case at the Cape in February), but a fresh westerly breeze somewhat interfered with the shooting for the Governor's Prize, which was won by Mr. Theron of Wellington.

"LORD BRACKENBURY"

A NEW NOVEL, by Miss Amelia B. Edwards, is continued on page 65.

SARDINE FISHERY IN CORNWALL

See page 67.

THE PROPOSED INTER-OCEANIC RAILWAY OF CANADA

IN spite of the great revolt of 1775, a large (though not the most valuable) portion of North America still acknowledges fealty to the British Crown. The Union Jack still waves over that vast region which extends between the forty-ninth parallel of north latitude and the regions of thick-ribbed ice which encircle the Pole.

For a good many years past now the citizens of the United States have been in the enjoyment of unbroken railway communication between the two oceans which, eastward and westward, wash their shores; indeed, there are two alternative routes—namely, the Union Pacific and the Central Pacific lines. It has long been felt that the British Provinces ought to be provided with a similar line. It is true that much of the country which would be traversed by such a railway is barren and inhospitable; but, on the other hand, British Columbia, lying as she does on the Pacific coast, has practically no ready means of communication with her flourishing Eastern sisters—that is to say, with Ontario, Quebec, and New Brunswick, except by traversing foreign territory—meaning the territory of our Republican cousins.

In their political decisions, colonists are apt to be actuated by practical rather than by sentimental considerations; and when the scheme of the Confederation of British North America was brought to a successful issue in 1870, there can be no doubt that British Columbia joined the Union chiefly because she was promised railway communication with the East. Ten years have since elapsed, and the promise still remains unfulfilled, to the great indignation of the British Columbians, who feel that they have been left out in the cold, and who have seriously threatened to abandon a Confederation which affords them so little practical advantage, and join that aggressive Republic whose dominions touch their southern frontier. Should such a consummation take place, the Stars and Stripes would then float along the whole Pacific Coast, from Mexico to Behring's Straits. It is fervently to be hoped that this contingency will be averted, and that the railway, which we understand is at last in a fair way of being begun, will act as a bond of loyalty to this outlying and rather ill-used member of the British Empire. The railway will not only open up the fertile agricultural lands of Manitoba, in the centre of the continent, but will also afford the emigrants from the United Kingdom speedy access to the Pacific Coast, where there is plenty of good land, and where the summers are cooler and the winters milder than on the Atlantic seaboard—the climate, in fact, closely resembling that of the British Islands.

Our illustrations, from photographs by Maynard, of Vancouver's Island, depict places of interest near the proposed railway terminus.

After much discussion between the relative advantages of Burrard Inlet and Bute Inlet, the former was selected as the terminus of the railway. It possesses a fine harbour, and is within easy access of Victoria, the principal seat of commerce in the colony. Esquimalt possesses a far superior harbour; but being on Vancouver's Island, and not on the mainland, a steam-ferry or bridge would have become necessary. Splendid pine-forests and productive salmon fisheries are found near Burrard's Inlet. Yale, formerly one of the Hudson's Bay trading posts, is a flourishing little town on the Fraser River, and returns a member to the Dominion Parliament. Chapman's Bar Bluff is one of the finest bits of scenery on the main wagon-road between Yale and Cariboo. As the coach rounds the bluff, the river is seen like a silver thread some 2,000 feet below. "On the Lilloet Road" shows where the road runs round one of the peaks of the mountain (near the summit of the Cascade Range). It is literally a path hewn out of the rock, and made up with boulders and logs. If a horseman has the misfortune to hear the bells of a team of pack-mules approaching him on such a steep, narrow track as this, his only chance is to turn back till he reaches level ground, for the mules (like the goat in the fable) will budge for no one, and will infallibly thrust him over the precipice. Mr. W. S. Sebright Green, of Liverpool, to whom we are indebted for these photographs, and for the descriptive matter which we have here condensed, gives a most exciting account of such an incident. He turned back, but the mules gained on him, and had he not found an unexpected recess in the rock, would have been pushed over. As it was he received a blow in the knee from the sharp edge of a barrel on the back of the first mule. A pair of stout Cariboo riding boots saved his flesh from injury. The steamer shown in the next illustration is one of those plying on the Thompson River, above Yale. The railway is to cross this river not far from Emery's Bar. As the rivers are often shallow, these boats have a draught of 16 inches only, but they are capable of carrying a considerable load.

MANLEY HALL, MANCHESTER

See page 71.

ART AND INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION AT DÜSSELDORF

THE town of Düsseldorf is always worth more attention than ordinary visitors to the Rhine regions are disposed to devote to it, and this year offers a special feature of interest in the form of a National Art and Industrial Exhibition. The exhibits are divided into two main sections, the one representing the industry of the Rhineland and Westphalian provinces, the other being a collection of 1,200 paintings from all parts of Germany. Chief amongst the Industrial exhibits is the display of the great coal and iron industries of Western Germany, the exhibits ranging from mere cutlery and cooking utensils to an 80-ton Krupp gun and an ocean steamer screw shaft, which a *Daily News* correspondent describes as having travelled 266,000 miles without "turning a hair." The Exhibition building is constructed of wood and glass simply and tastefully decorated, consisting of three long aisles and three transepts for the Industrial and a handsome well-lighted gallery for the Artistic exhibits, in which the works of all the chief artists of Germany are well represented. It is a tribute to the excellence of this Exhibition that the members of the Iron and Steel Institute of Great Britain have accepted the invitation to hold their annual meeting at Düsseldorf in August.

THE ATALANTA INQUIRY

THE Committee appointed by the Admiralty to inquire into the stability and sea-worthiness of H.M.S. *Atalanta* when she left England in October last met in public for the first time in public on Wednesday last week at the Westminster Sessions House. Admiral A. P. Ryder (the naval commander at Portsmouth) presided, and the other members were Vice-Admiral George Randolph, C.B., Mr. H. C. Rothery (Wreck Commissioner), Staff-Captain Robert J'arrie Batt (Master Attendant and the Queen's Harbour Master, Chatham), and Mr. Bernard Waymouth (Secretary of Lloyd's Register of British and Foreign Shipping), with Mr. E. P. Martin (Deputy Judge Advocate of the Fleet) officiating as secretary. The evidence taken on that and the following day was entirely of a favourable character, all the witnesses, officers and petty-officers who had served on the vessel when she was called the *Junio* agreeing in describing her as a sound ship of great stability. Captain Bradshaw declared that he "felt as safe in her as in any room on shore," and that he "did not believe she could be overwhelmed in any sea," Captain Helby that she was "as seaworthy as any ship he had ever been in;" whilst Mr. J. Pratt, who had been captain of the fore-castle, said that he had joined her "on account of her remarkable soundness," having volunteered to go abroad at a time when men were difficult to obtain. On Wednesday this week the inquiry was resumed, evidence being given as to the later history of the vessel, and the repairs and changes made in her to adopt her to the purposes of a training-ship. The inquiry now stands adjourned till Wednesday next.

THE CZAR OF RUSSIA'S NEW YACHT

THE new Russian Imperial yacht *Livadia*, which may without exaggeration be called a floating palace, was launched on Wednesday last week from the well-known shipbuilding yard of Messrs. John Elder and Co., at Govan, near Glasgow. She is of huge proportions, and entirely novel construction, having been designed by the great Russian Admiral Popoff, the inventor of the circular ironclads. The *Livadia* resembles an ordinary vessel, resting upon a sub-structure shaped like a turbot; the object of this peculiar formation being to render the vessel as steady as possible when at sea, and thus to guard against the horrors of *mal de mer*, against which even Imperial *voyageurs* are not always proof. The length of the vessel is 260 ft., breadth 150 ft., depth 50 ft., tonnage 11,609, and displacement 4,000, and she has three screws and three sets of engines, which it is expected will give her a speed of fourteen knots an hour. She will be manned by a crew of 260 men, and carry three swift steam launches, two lifeboats, and other boats, eleven in all. The building of the yacht was only commenced in November last, and the immense resources at the command of Messrs. Elder will be better understood when it is remembered that since then they have launched and completed four large steamers for the Compagnie Generale Transatlantique, two for the British and African Steam Navigation Company, and three vessels for the British Government. The launch of the *Livadia*, which was successfully accomplished without a single mishap, took place in the presence of the Duchess of Hamilton, the Grand Duke Alexis, Prince Lobanoff, Admiral Popoff, and a number of other Russian gentlemen; and a crowd of spectators numbering at least 10,000. The ceremony commenced with the religious service according to the rites of the Greek Church, conducted by three priests in vestments of green and gold, the responses being sung by a body of Russian sailors, who formed the Grand Duke's guard of honour. The sprinkling of holy water upon the bows of the yacht brought this part of the ceremony to an end, and then the Duchess of Hamilton broke a bottle of wine against her, and named her the *Livadia*. Her Grace then cut with a chisel the cord which held the dog-shores, and these being released, the magnificent craft glided smoothly and safely into the water, amid the cheers of the spectators. She was speedily moored in mid-channel, and the company, after being conducted through the yard, sat down to luncheon in a marquee. Mr. Pearce, the representative of the firm, presiding. The Grand Duke, in responding to the toast of his health, expressed his satisfaction at visiting Glasgow, "the centre of the intelligence of the country."

MIRAGE SEEN FROM A BALLOON

See page 70.

THE ETON AND HARROW CRICKET MATCH

TIME was when the people who went to look on at a cricket match were all strongly interested in cricket. Fashion, however, has changed this. That potent divinity, whom all ridicule, yet all obey, has ordained that there are certain matches of the season at which her votaries are bound to attend. Conspicuous among these is the match between the great Public Schools, Eton and Harrow. As therefore it has become the thing to go, everybody repairs to Lord's who wishes to be thought in the fashion. Year by year the crowd grows bigger, to the inconvenience of those who really enjoy the spectacle of a well-contested game of cricket. The majority of the crowd come to talk and be talked to, to exhibit their own toilettes or to look at those of their neighbours, and to eat luncheon picnic-fashion. They take a modified interest in the game; but whether Light Blue or Dark Blue wins, they are not seriously elated or depressed.

With regard to the match itself, it is pronounced by cricketers to have been a really interesting one, the play being unusually good on both sides. The bowling was straight, the batting steady, and the fielding excellent. In this latter important branch of the game both schools have greatly improved of late years. The wicket-keeping was particularly good on both sides, and byes and wide balls only averaged three an innings. The heavy shower which fell at intervals during the match were to the benefit of the Dark Blues, who had the good fortune each innings to bat on a tolerably dry wicket; while the Etonians, each time they went in, found the turf in a soaking state. On Saturday, when they began their second venture, they wanted 184 to win. But, Mr. Polhill-Turner excepted, they could not withstand the excellent bowling of the Harrovians. Soon after 5 P.M. the contest was over, Harrow being the winner of the fifty-sixth match by 95 runs. Of the previous encounters, Harrow has won twenty-five and Eton twenty-three, while seven have been left drawn.



DISSENSIONS IN THE MINISTRY.—Lord Lansdowne, the Under-Secretary for India, and Lord Listowel, one of the Lords in Waiting, have resigned because they cannot support Mr. Forster's Bill for the temporary suspension of ejectment in Ireland. Both noblemen have estates in Ireland. It is said that the Earl of Rosbery will succeed Lord Lansdowne.

MAJOR BURNABY is evidently very angry with the present Ministry. Speaking at Birmingham on Monday, he said that "We are governed by men whose ideas of *meum* and *tuum* are not dissimilar to those held by the late Mr. Roupell and the Glasgow directors; and that in Mr. Gladstone we had a statesman who had invented a new name for falsehood, which he called polemics;" and referring to Lord Lansdowne's resignation, he added that they had now to see how long Lord Hartington would sit with "the

rapacious Mr. Forster, the contumacious Mr. Chamberlain, the vexatious Sir Wm. Harcourt, and the mendacious Mr. Gladstone."

THE ROYAL REVIEW AT WINDSOR.—On Wednesday Her Majesty the Queen reviewed the troops of the Aldershot Division, some 11,000 in number, in Windsor Great Park. The army corps marched from Aldershot on Tuesday, encamping that night, the cavalry and artillery on Chobham Common, and the infantry on Ascot Heath, whether they returned after the review on Wednesday, and so back to Aldershot on Thursday.

THE WIMBLEDON RIFLE MEETING.—The military occupation of Wimbledon Common commenced on Saturday, when about 2,000 Volunteers had arrived in camp. On Sunday the Church parades were well attended, and on Monday the shooting began. Few changes have been made since last year. The enclosure where the prizes are to be distributed by the Princess of Wales, is enlarged, corrugated iron has been substituted for wooden hoarding around the camp, and the charge of sixpence after evening gun-fire has been abolished. Earl Stanhope has succeeded Lord Wharnclyffe as President, and Lady Stanhope is "At Home" daily at "The Cottage," where several grand parties are to be given during the meeting. The number of competitions is now seventy-six, the gross value of the prizes being 15,000/., and the Council have again altered the size of the "inner" of the 200 yards target, the diameter of which is increased from twelve to sixteen inches.

THE QUEEN AND THE VOLUNTEERS.—H.R.H. the Commander-in-Chief has issued a general order conveying Her Majesty's congratulations to the Volunteers on the completion of their twenty-first year of existence. The Queen has watched with much interest the steady progress of the force since its formation; and its present numerical strength, high training, and discipline give her unqualified satisfaction. She regrets that a review cannot be held this year, but hopes that at no distant period she may be able to inspect the Volunteers in Windsor Great Park.

THE GREAT GAS EXPLOSION.—The coroner's inquiry into the cause of this disaster was concluded on Tuesday, the jury returning a verdict that the deceased men met their deaths by a gas explosion caused by a light being ignorantly placed to a stand pipe by the foreman, who was in charge of the works, the gas having got into the main through some defect in the valve in Howland Street. They added that more care ought to be taken in testing gas mains. It is stated that the Gas Company, without admitting their legal liability, have undertaken to make good all damage resulting roads, sewers, &c., under the control of the St. Pancras Vestry.

ANOTHER GAS MAIN EXPLOSION occurred on Tuesday at Bilston, near Wolverhampton. The street was torn up for a distance of seventy yards. It was caused by one of the workmen striking a match to find out a leak in the pipe. A second explosion took place later in the day, resulting, it is thought, from a spark flying from a pick. In this instance the roadway was raised for a considerable length, and several workmen and by-standers were injured by the stones which were cast up. After this the gas supply was cut off lest more explosions should occur.

ORANGE CELEBRATIONS.—Monday last being the anniversary of the Battle of the Boyne, Orange demonstrations were held in various parts of Ireland, particularly in the north, the largest gatherings being at Holywood, near Belfast, and New Mills, County Tyrone. Similar demonstrations were also held at Liverpool, Barrow-in-Furness, and other places in England, and at most of the meetings resolutions were adopted condemning the action of the Government in regard to the appointment of Lords Kenmare, Ripon, and O'Hagan, and also for its support of Mr. Bradlaugh, and calling upon all loyal subjects to "hurl the Ministry from power" in order to avert further injury to the country and its time-honoured institutions. Large reinforcements of police had been sent to the districts where processions and meetings were expected to be held, but several outrages are reported. Near Dungarvan some Orangemen who were riding home on the mail cart were shot at, the horse was shot dead, and a fight ensued, in which stones were freely used by both sides, and a girl was wounded by a rifle shot alleged to have been fired by an Orangeman. At Ballyward on Saturday, a clergyman who had been announced to preach to Orangemen on the 12th was shot at, but happily not wounded. At Liverpool a man was stabbed in the streets by a sailor who is in custody.

VIOLENT THUNDERSTORMS, by which an immense amount of damage was done to growing crops and other property, were experienced on Tuesday in Yorkshire, Lancashire, and the West of England. At Manchester, two houses, built on the banks of the Irwell, were struck by lightning and thrown down, part of the debris falling into the river. The ruins were immediately explored by the fire brigade, who got out five persons, one of whom died soon after from his injuries; two other persons were killed, and it is supposed that a young woman who is missing has shared the same fate. At Salford some cottages and sheds were unroofed, and a man had the brim of his hat torn off by the lightning without being himself hurt. At Great Houghton a man was killed by lightning, and at Weedon, Northamptonshire, a sudden flood is supposed to have caused at least one death.

THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY'S SHOW was opened on Monday at Carlisle. The entries of live stock numbered 1,500, while the implement yard comprises 10,000 feet of sheds, in which stand more than 4,000 exhibits. The Queen and the Prince of Wales and several noblemen are amongst the exhibitors. On Wednesday so much rain had fallen that the show ground was six inches under water, and a further flooding was apprehended.

THE BAND OF HOPE UNION held a grand festival at the Crystal Palace on Monday, contingents of members attending from all parts of the country. There were musical contests, athletic sports, a balloon race, and concerts by three separate choirs of 5,000 singers each, and a meeting under the presidency of Lord Claude Hamilton.

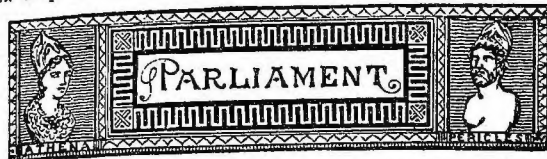
THE VICTORIA INSTITUTE.—The proceedings in celebration of the granting of the charter to the Victoria Institute commenced at Manchester on Tuesday, when a *conversazione* was held in Owen's College, the Governor and Senate of which had issued 2,000 invitations. Among those present were the Duke of Devonshire (Chancellor), and other members of the University Court, Earl Spencer, Lord Justice Bramwell, Mr. Jacob Bright, Professor Huxley, Mr. E. A. Freeman, and a number of other distinguished people, including the Mayors of Manchester, Salford, and several other towns. On Wednesday the University Court held its first meeting at Owen's College, and in the afternoon the members received an address of congratulation from the Mayor, with whom they afterwards dined at the Town Hall.

WOOD-PAVEMENT is about to be laid down in Regent Street and part of Piccadilly.

RAILWAY BRIDGES.—A circular has been sent by the Board of Trade to the various railway companies in the United Kingdom, calling the attention of the directors to the responsibility which attaches to them for the safety of any structures on their lines similar in character to the Tay Bridge, and intimating that the Board "will be glad to receive assurance that they are taking all necessary steps for the due discharge of the grave responsibility." It is added that the Board proposes to appoint a committee to consider the question of wind pressure on railway structures, and will be glad to receive any observations which railway directors may wish to offer either upon that subject, or the condition of their bridges.

MR. TOM TAYLOR, the well-known dramatic writer and art critic, died on Monday in his sixty-third year. He had been

suffering for some time from an attack of suppressed gout, but his death was sudden and unexpected. During the past six years he was editor of *Punch*, with which he had been connected for thirty-six years; and he was for some time a contributor to the columns of *The Graphic*. We shall soon publish his portrait.



ON Monday Mr. Gladstone made to an expectant House of Commons the statement usually offered at this period of the Session with respect to Government business. The announcement was looked forward to with exceptional interest by reason of alarming rumours current to the effect that in their zeal the new brooms on the Treasury Bench would sweep aside the wholesome tradition that provides for the prorogation before the 12th of August, and that a melancholy remnant of the House of Commons would be found sitting through September, possibly into October. The condition of the Order Book made it clear that if the Government really intended to carry their Bills an unusual extension of the sitting was necessitated. The measures promised in the Queen's Speech, and since introduced, are all in a very elementary form. At the rate of progress hitherto reached it would be necessary for the House to sit not only through September, but up to Christmas, before the Bills were passed.

Mr. Gladstone had given one or two hints of malign intention in view of the holidays, and when he rose there was a movement of profoundest interest on all the benches. Sir Stafford Northcote in similar circumstances used to practise upon the human weakness of members, and keep them in suspense throughout a long series of unimportant sentences. But in the nature of things his announcements were not anticipated with such interest as was Mr. Gladstone's. The last Government had no rooted affection for any measures they might bring in, and certainly would not be so ill-bred as to keep hon. gentlemen from the moors. However long Sir Stafford's speech might be it invariably ended by making things pleasant all round. With Mr. Gladstone it was anticipated things would be different, and it was with a feeling of relief members heard him abandon two measures named in the Queen's Speech. The Ballot Bill would have led to a long discussion, though probably to no serious opposition. But of the Irish Borough Franchise Bill it is enough to say that as it dealt with Ireland it would assuredly open up a long vista of Obstruction.

Both these Bills Mr. Gladstone abandoned, and there remained within his purview the Relief of Distress Bill, the Compensation for Disturbances Bill, the Employers' Liability Bill, the Customs and Inland Revenue Bill, the Hares and Rabbits Bill, and the Burials Bill. There are Mr. Fawcett's two Bills, the Savings Banks Bill and the Post Office Money Order Bill, which the Premier did not even think worthy of mention. Nevertheless, these may be regarded as being as good as dead, for the present Session at least. They would be met with a strong and powerful opposition from the banking interest, and whenever they come will lead to prolonged discussion.

It will be seen from what remains of the programme that there is more than enough to answer for the Session up to September. The Irish Relief Bill, it is true, has passed through Committee, but this was achieved in circumstances full of direct promise for what may follow. There were two clauses in the Bill introduced at the request of an influential section of the Irish members, which had the misfortune to displease Mr. Parnell. In days now long gone by it was the habit of members in such circumstances to place on the paper an amendment, to support it by a speech, and, if they pleased, to go to a division; after which they accepted the will of the majority, and the Bill became law. But Mr. Parnell has changed all that. The particular process of Parliamentary legislation under which we live and have our destiny moulded was vividly illustrated on Monday night. The House went into Committee just before half-past twelve, and Mr. Parnell straightway moved the rejection of the particular clauses to which he took exception. Mr. Forster was inclined to leave the matter to the arbitration of the Irish members themselves, and intimated that if the majority of them were in favour of abandoning the clauses he would not stand out. On a division it appeared that the contrary was the case, that not only numerically, but in weight of character, the Irish representation was in favour of retaining the clauses. On the one side was Mr. Shaw, Mr. Mitchell Henry, and some twenty or thirty of the better class men, whilst on the other side was Mr. Parnell and the miscellaneous body which are indebted to him and his American Fund for their election, and are pledged to do his bidding in Parliament. Irish feeling being thus unmistakably determined, Mr. Forster announced his intention of standing by the Bill.

Mr. Parnell, without anything like passion, but simply with a quiet assurance of physical strength, accepted the challenge, and arrangements previously entered into with his band were carried out in the direction of keeping the ball of speech rolling. All night long the conflict was kept up, a dull and dreary business, without any of those flashes of humour, or even of anger, that illumined similar undertakings in the last Parliament. There were not even many diversions in the division lobby. Mr. Parnell made a speech as long as he could. When he had finished, if hon. members opposite could not be drawn into the wrangle, one of his young men took up the story. It was an unequal fight, the conclusion of which was inevitable from the beginning. A minority in these encounters has a natural advantage over a majority, inasmuch as there are fewer to suffer. The larger the existing force, the more opportunity for weakness to develop itself. At four o'clock the Irish members supporting the Government began to show signs of depression. At a quarter past four the gas, which had long been a sinecure, was put out, and about a hundred men, some in evening dress, and all of them with white, worn faces, found themselves staring at each other, the morning sunlight the only fresh thing in the place. This apparently trifling incident of putting out the gas completed the rout. Mr. Parnell and his young men had nothing to do in the coming day, and might take their rest when the House was up. Men of the class supporting Mr. Forster had business to attend to and grave interests to care for, including that of their own health. Thus it came to pass that with unexpected swiftness the fight collapsed. The majority surrendered; and the minority, insolently triumphant, had the satisfaction of imposing their will upon the House of Commons.

On Tuesday the character of the House of Commons as an assembly at Westminster to do Irish business was further established. It was now the Disturbance Bill that occupied the attention of Ministers and the House, and the old dull roadway of obstruction was once more trod. It must be admitted, even by those inclined to extend the most generous meed of justice to the new Government, that this Bill has been miserably mismanaged. Mr. Forster, with querulous indignation, denies that any change of front has been made by the Government. This is, however, a position that can be maintained only upon the admission that the procedure of the Government has been so devious that it cannot be said to have any front at all. On Tuesday the House was called upon to consider quite a new aspect of the Bill, following upon the withdrawal of a clause of which notice had been given by the Irish Attorney-General, and which had occupied two sittings in angry discussion.

This clause was now abandoned, and something else substituted. But this was not the full measure of the gyrations of that political Jim Crow, the erewhile staid and ponderous Mr. Forster. Sir Richard Cross had given notice of an amendment limiting the operation of the Bill to tenancies of the rental of 15s. Within the last ten minutes of the sitting Mr. Forster, adopting the principle of this proposal, moved as an amendment to the proposed amendment that the limit of rental should be 30s. It was little wonder that at this astounding change, made literally without a moment's notice, Mr. Parnell should protest that from his point of view the Bill had become worthless, and that he should on Wednesday have instituted a process of obstruction which, should it lead to the abandonment of the measure, will not greatly grieve anybody.



THE German immigrant is a standing type of character on the American stage, and it may be fairly set down to the credit of his race that in a country which has no inconsiderable experience of his habits, he is invariably represented as a worthy, honest fellow—a little eccentric in his ways at times, but not even on this side of his nature wanting in amiable qualities. A play, entitled *Otto*, brought out this week at NEW SADLER'S WELLS Theatre, is one of a long line of pieces in which this typical personage occupies a prominent position. The drama has been acted in a great many towns and cities of the vast American continent, and, thanks in part to the talents of Mr. and Mrs. Knight, two American performers who represent its leading characters, it is said to have been very popular. It is now brought to England by this lady and gentleman who sustain at Sadler's Wells their original parts. Regarded as a work of art *Otto* has not much to recommend it, for its story displays little invention, its characters, with one exception, are feebly sketched, and its dialogue is not much above that of the average three-volume novel. Every object in the piece is subordinated to that of developing the character of the hero, a part played by Mr. Knight with excellent art. The hot-tempered but good-hearted young German, with his half shrewd, half simple observations, his songs and recitations, and his odd combination of humour and sentiment, is very amusingly portrayed by this quietly effective actor, and is a bright exception to the general weakness of the characters. Some pains have also been expended on the character of the heroine, but with less happy results. The notion is that of a giddy, volatile young person, with a saucy tongue and a pert manner, who can yet so charm, that the other sex not only bear willingly her mockery and banter, but are actually enchanted by the very torture inflicted upon them. This ideal Mrs. Knight unhappily does not attain; nor is the fault entirely that of the author. Her manner, no less than her sayings and doings, gives an impression rather of flippancy, heartlessness, and want of refinement, than of any more winning qualities; inasmuch that the spectator, being a witness of the young German's supposed enthrallment, finds it hard to sympathise with his strange infatuation. The piece, however, with all its defects, evidently yielded much amusement to the audience on Monday evening.

The season at the ST. JAMES'S Theatre closed on Saturday last, when Mr. Hare and Mr. and Mrs. Kendal appeared for the last time in *The Ladies' Battle*.—DRURY LANE, where Miss Litton and her company have been performing for some time in *As You Like It*, also closed on the same evening.—At the new HAYMARKET the season terminates on the 31st inst. It is understood that Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft are going abroad for about four months. They will consequently not reappear here till about the beginning of December. Meanwhile Mr. J. S. Clarke will enter upon a brief term of management at this house.—Madame Modjeska will appear this evening at the COURT Theatre for the last time in Mr. Mortimer's version of M. Alexandre Dumas's *Dame aux Camélias*. It is to be regretted that the English public have had no opportunity of seeing this distinguished actress in any other piece; but the truth probably is that the great success of this performance rendered any change in the bill inexpedient from the manager's point of view. Our system of absolute freedom in dramatic enterprise (that curious relic of old regulations, the dramatic censorship excepted) is no doubt better suited to the genius of our countrymen than the Continental fashion of State subsidies; but it has certainly its disadvantages—one of which is that our managers recognise, as a rule, no standard of duty except what may be called the barometer of the box office. To withdraw a play during what is technically known as "good business" would in managerial eyes be simply an indication of lunacy. It is a consolation, however, to observe that our system co-exists with such a striking improvement in our stage entertainments than even that distinguished dramatic critic Mr. Saxeby is at last constrained to acknowledge that we have a national theatre.

Mr. Irving's annual benefit will take place at the LYCEUM Theatre on Saturday, the 31st instant, the closing night of the season. He will on this occasion reappear in Mr. Willis's poetical play of *Charles I.*, together with Miss Helen Terry in the part of Queen Henrietta. Mr. Irving will also recite Hood's poem of "Eugene Aram." Among other miscellaneous entertainments Miss Ellen Terry will recite Matthew Gregory Lewis's poem of "The Captive." Mrs. Bancroft will read "Major Namby," Mr. Toole will give his comic sketch called *Trying a Magistrate*, and Mr. Sims Reeves and his son, Mr. Herbert Reeves, will sing ballads.

Madame Chaumont's engagement at the GAIETY Theatre ended on Saturday last. Since then the Palais Royal Company, whose series of performances will be brought to a close with the present week, have appeared here in several of their most famous pieces.—On Monday next Mr. Raymond, the popular American actor, will make his first appearance at the Gaiety in a dramatic sketch, written by Mark Twain, and entitled *The Gilded Age*.

The performances at the Gaiety Theatre, on Wednesday next, for the benefit of the Maddison Testimonial Fund, will consist entirely of pieces by Mr. Morton. The immortal *Box and Cox*, however, will be presented in the modified form of Mr. Burnand and Mr. Arthur Sullivan's comic operetta, known as *Cox and Box*. The occasion will derive an additional interest from the re-appearance of Mrs. Keeley, who has kindly consented to play her old part of Betsy Baker in the comedietta of that name.

ALHAMBRA.—Madame Katti Lanner's six young lady pupils, who made such a great success in America and at Her Majesty's Theatre in Signor Arditi's Valse "Les Belles Viennoises," are engaged to appear at the Alhambra, commencing this day (Saturday) 17th inst.

ST. GEORGE'S HALL.—Mr. and Mrs. German Reed's Entertainment will close on July 24th, and reopen on Monday, October 4th.

A CRUSADE AGAINST BEES has been instituted in Paris, where, strange to say, bee-keeping is largely practised—one worthy citizen keeping from 800 to 900 hives. These insects, it appears, inflict a good deal of damage upon certain industries, and at one sugar refinery the damage is calculated at 1,000l. per annum. A regiment of bees will empty a whole jarful of syrup in a couple of hours, while the workmen, who labour stripped to their waists, suffer considerably from their stings.



A NEW French translation of *Hamlet* has been published by M. Theodore Reinach.

M. DE POMMAYRAC, the well-known Parisian miniature painter, has died at the age of seventy.

THE MARKET PRICE FOR FALSE CALVES in Paris, according to the *Parisian*, is five and a half francs a pair.

A BICYCLE JOURNEY from Ostend to Pesh has just been accomplished in twenty days by a Hungarian. He travelled on an average eighty-one miles a day.

A FANCY DRESS BALL was given on Friday evening last by the members of the Bedford Club at their rooms in Mr. Norman Shaw's pretty little village near Turnham Green. The costumes were most artistic, and the entertainment was a great success.

THE LIBRARY OF PROFESSOR MOMMSEN, the well-known historian, has been burnt at Charlottenburg. The Professor himself was injured in attempts to save some of the valuable manuscripts lent to him by the libraries of Berlin, Vienna, and Heidelberg.

A NEW FEMININE APPENDAGE has been started at Brussels, where the visitors to the Exhibition were astonished by the appearance of a lady with a handsome pair of epaulettes on her shoulders, of the same colour as her dress. Is this the latest freak of fashion?

A REMARKABLE TELEPHONE, according to the *Electrician*, is exciting considerable interest in scientific circles. In South Australia by means of an improved instrument the Adelaide Post Office chimes have been clearly heard at Port Augusta, a distance of 240 miles.

POPULAR GALIC DRAMATIC AUTHORS get a substantial annuity from the Paris Théâtre Français. During the last six years M. Alexandre Dumas received altogether for the royalties on his plays 8,880l., M. Victor Hugo obtained 8,400l., M. Emile Augier 7,760l., and MM. Erckmann-Chatrian 2,320l.

THE NEW FRENCH FLAG, which was formally inaugurated on Thursday, is a handsome tricolour, surrounded by heavy gold fringe. On one side are the words "*République Française*," on the other "*Honneur et Patrie*," with the achievements of the particular regiment to which it belongs, and any motto which it has adopted. In each corner is the number of the regiment, surrounded by a wreath of laurel. The staff is surmounted by a spear head, whence hang tricoloured ribbons, upon which the number of the regiment is again embroidered.

A NEW MUSICAL INSTRUMENT has been invented by a Russian peasant. The *York House Papers* say it is composed of a framework sustaining a number of wheels, with rims so grooved and notched as to make a humming noise when rapidly revolved. Each wheel sounds a different note, and as the required rate of revolution cannot be immediately attained or discontinued, many remarkable effects may be produced, which, with the peculiar *timbre* of the instrument, render the invention a decided addition to the musical world. It is known in Moscow as the Kalophone, and is shortly to be exhibited in Paris and London.

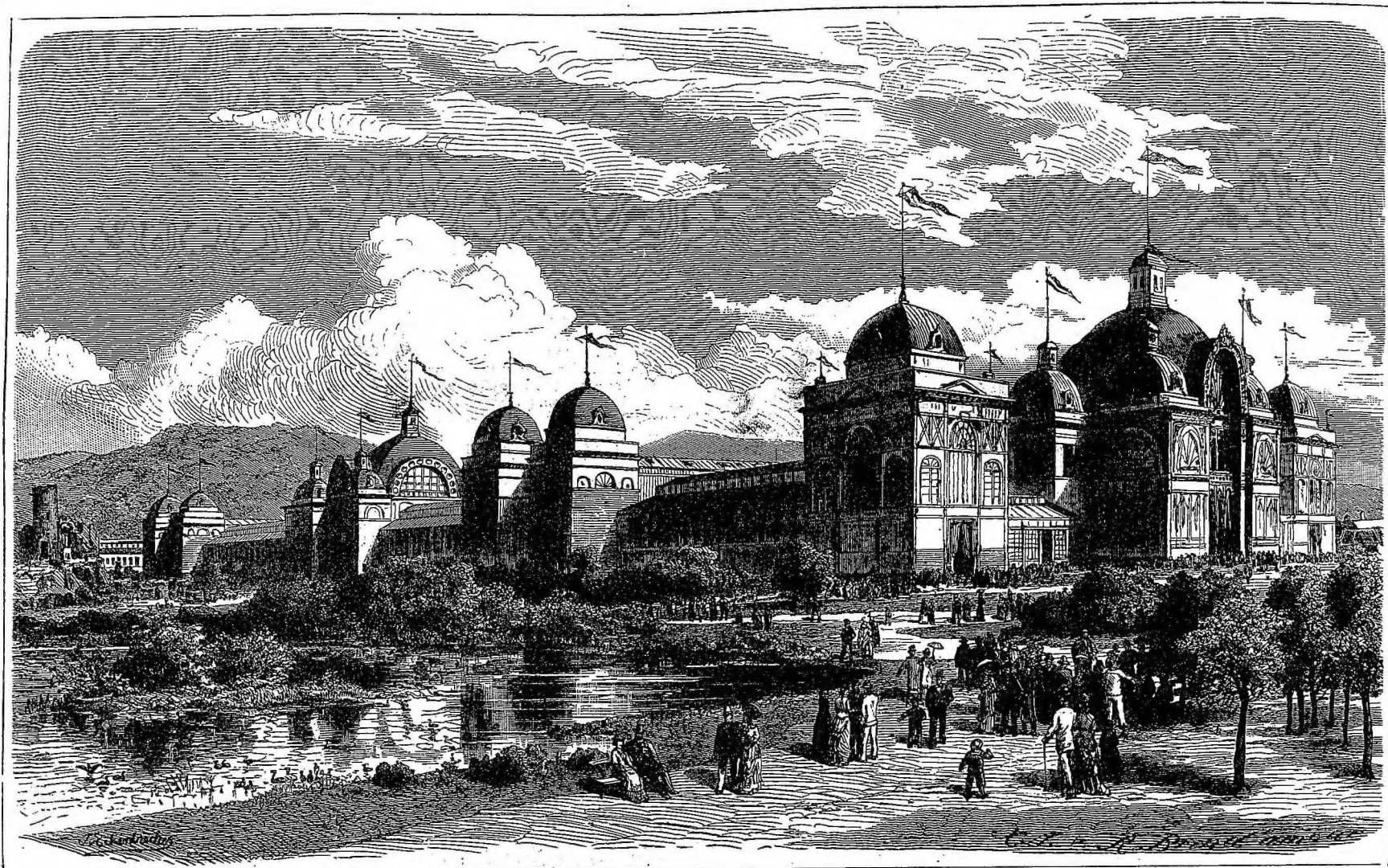
THE COMÉDIE-FRANÇAISE will celebrate the second centenary of its foundation on August 25. On August 25, 1680, the two troupes of the Hôtel de Bourgogne and the Rue Mazarine were united together for the first time before the public. The troupe of the Rue Mazarine was that of Molière, and the fusion of the companies had taken place in compliance with the King's express orders. This first performance, on August 25, 1680, consisted of *Phèdre* by Racine, and *Les Carrosses d'Orléans* by M. de Lachapelle. The Comédie-Française will probably celebrate the centenary by playing the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, with Lulli's music.

SECOND SOUTH LONDON FREE EXHIBITION OF FINE ART.—A free Exhibition of Pictures, Drawings, Sculpture, &c., is open daily, from 2 to 5 and 7 to 9.30 in the rooms of the Working Men's College and Free Library, 143, Upper Kennington Lane. The secretary will be glad to receive offers of works of Art on loan. Donations of money towards the expenses are also especially desirable. South London is quite destitute of any museum or Art gallery, and that the inhabitants of the poor and crowded neighbourhood of Lambeth will value such a collection as has been made is certain from the very large attendance during the free exhibition of last year, one of a very high character, and the first ever held in South London.

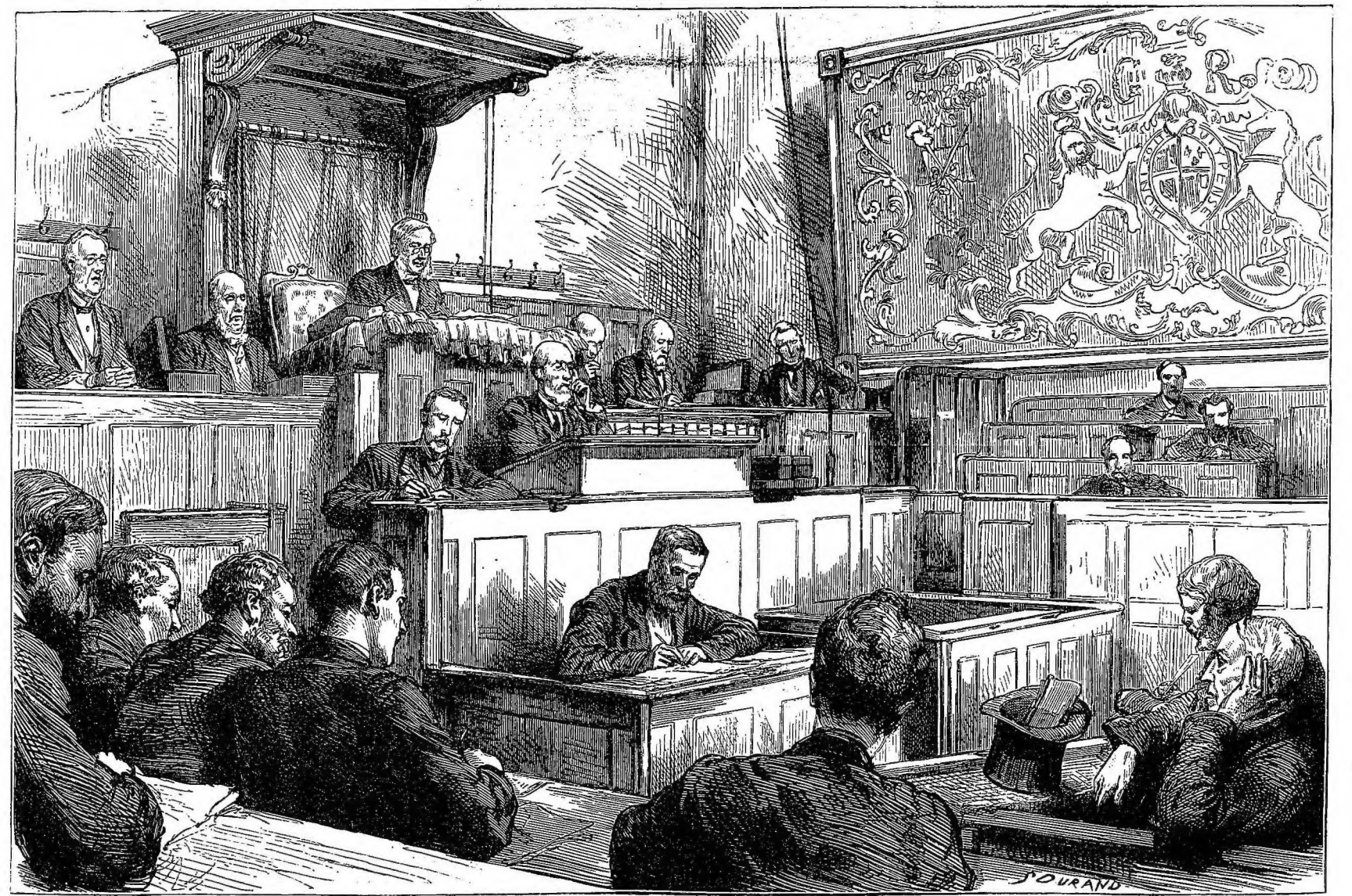
LONDON MORTALITY again slightly increased last week, and 1,326 deaths were registered against 1,300 during the previous seven days, an increase of 26, being 81 below the average, and at the rate of 18.9 per 1,000. There were 4 deaths from small-pox (a decline of 9), 37 from measles, 62 from scarlet fever (an increase of 17), 9 from diphtheria, 30 from whooping-cough (a decline of 14), 16 from different forms of fever (an increase of 1), and 93 from diarrhoea (an increase of 29). There were 2,510 births registered against 2,493 during the previous week, being 136 above the average. The mean temperature of the air was 59.0 deg., and 3.0 deg. below the average. The duration of registered sunshine in the week was 41.5 hours, the sun being above the horizon during 114.4 hours.

TOMMY ATKINS does not often write to the papers, and when he does his productions are more remarkable for their force than their refinement of expression. Here is an epistle published by the *Candahar News*:—"Sir,—It becomes not the simple soldier to be hustled in his mind about politics, to care a blow whether Dizzy or Gladstone rules the roost. Yet not being entirely the machine it theoretically ought to be, the army has its little feelings, and, as a body, inclineth towards old 'Peace with honour.' Some of the mild spirits, however (no allusion to commissariat rum) have got slightly demoralised by a year's residence at Candahar (with its Ghazis and want of glory) and seem to me to have a secret yearning towards old 'Peace at any price.' Whether this weakness is general or not I cannot say; but it is only this morning I heard it actually proposed, that if Gladstone got us out of the country before next Christmas, we should subscribe and purchase the 'People's Tribute' of Mr. Tracy Turnerelli, and bonnet the old Woodman with it. 'The People's Tribute' on the 'People's William.' This from one calling himself 'A Soldier.'"

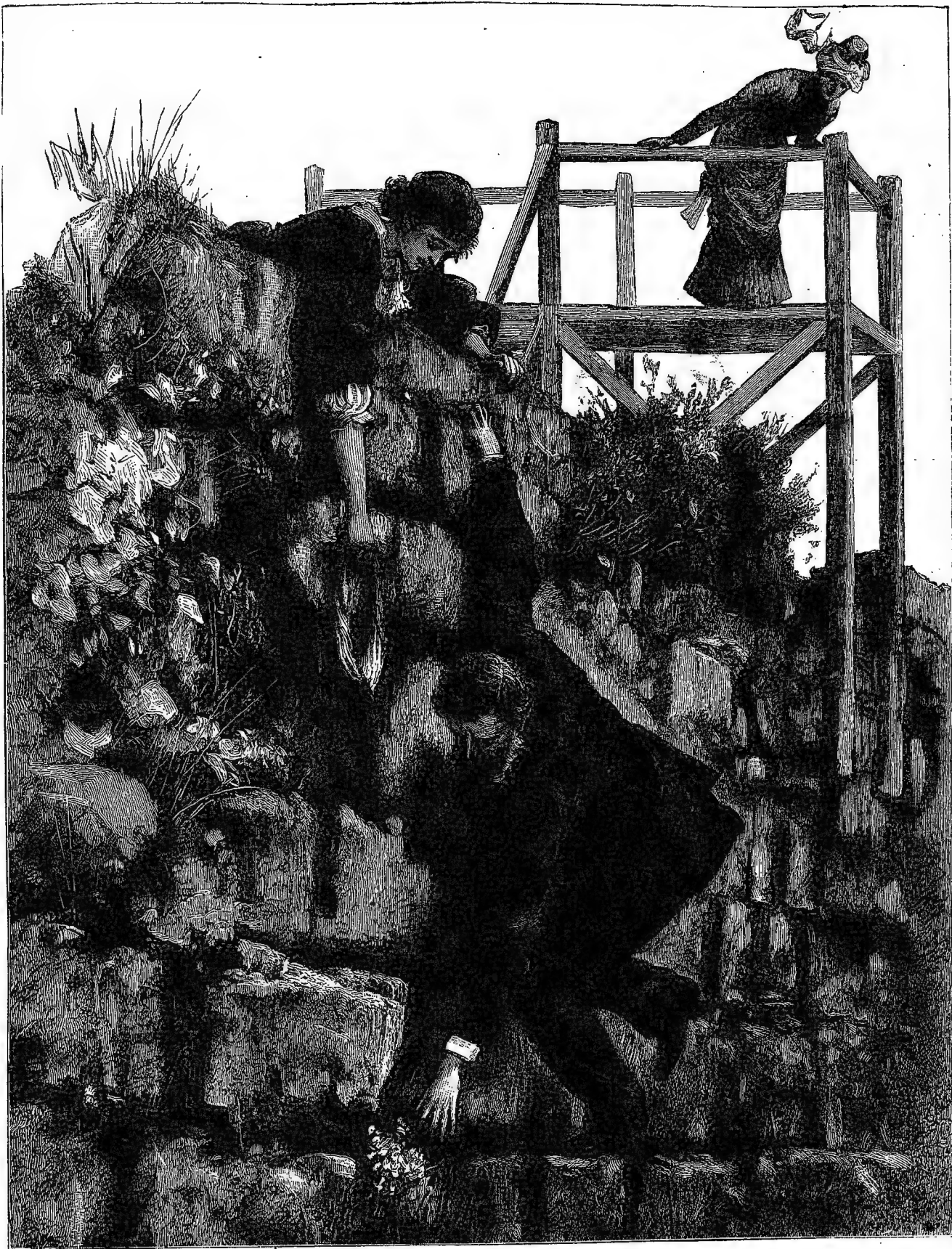
THREE GOLD MINES are now being worked at Shimo Aikawa, in Sado, Japan. They were first discovered in 1613, since which time they have been steadily worked by manual labour until 1869, in which year machinery was introduced by the Government. The main shaft is sunk to a depth of about 600 feet, and two of the mines are connected by a gallery 3,000 feet in length. First-class ore contains from 50 to 2,000 yen worth of gold per ton (one yen equals 4s. 2d.). In 1878-9, the amount of ore reduced was 6,428 tons, yielding 2,195 oz. of gold and 91,713 oz. of silver, at an expenditure of 85 per cent. Altogether the Government has spent 334,570 yen in erecting machinery, and the total loss during the ten years has been 240,126 yen. Upwards of 1,080 persons are employed, including 120 women for ore-picking. The daily output is 20 tons, and about the same quantity is reduced at the works, which consist of four smelting furnaces, one German cupelling furnace, six amalgam pans, ten stamps, two concentrating presses, two steam engines, one copper refinery, one assay room, and twelve coke kilns, and this plant is about to be still further increased by the present superintendent.



THE INDUSTRIAL AND ART EXHIBITION AT DÜSSELDORF.



THE ATALANTA DISASTER—A MEETING OF THE COMMITTEE OF INQUIRY AT THE SESSIONS HOUSE, WESTMINSTER



DRAWN BY LUKE FILDÉS, A.R.A.

He steadied himself by a closer grip of the knee—shifted the fingers of the right hand slowly, and wormed his way an inch or two lower. . . . Now his fingers touch the weed !

LORD BRACKENBURY: A Novel

BY AMELIA B. EDWARDS,

Author of "Barbara's History," "Debenham's Vow," &c.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

IN THE AMPHITHEATRE

STEFANO BENI, shaping the spokes of a cartwheel in the great archway which served him for a workshop, found his light obscured, and, without looking round, said :—

"Is that you, Matteo?"

"It is not Matteo, uncle—pretty Tito! good Tito!"

And Giulietta put down her basket that she might respond to the greetings of Tito, a magnificent black cat who lived and had his being in Uncle Stefano's workshop.

"You here, my niece? Is anything the matter?"

"Only a job for you, Uncle Stefano. I have just seen Padre Anselmo, and he bade me tell you that the tire came off his near wheel, as he drove in this morning from Montorio; and he wants it put to rights immediately."

"That tire again? Body of Bacchus! One cannot go on patching it for ever. Luigi said last time that the metal was as rotten as tinder. He must have a new one."

(Luigi was the blacksmith under the next archway.)

"He says he cannot afford a new one yet awhile."

"The old story!—waiting, I suppose, till I make him a new wheel, or Luigi puts him a tire for nothing. Ugh! these priests! Grasp all and grudge all—that's their motto."

La Giulietta, sitting on the floor with Tito in her lap, looked up quickly.

"You are quite right, Uncle Stefano," she said, with a somewhat heightened colour. "The motto fits Padre Anselmo like a glove. You remember last winter—how, he went from house to house, begging meal from one, oil from another, rice from another—how he got whole sheep and goats from the farmers about Montorio; and how he distributed bread and soup and alms to the sick and the hungry? You remember how old Caterina told us that he himself never tasted meat for weeks together, but gave all his poultry, and the last bottle of wine in his cellar, to the poor of his parish? Then look at his coat—threadbare and patched! I should be ashamed to see you, Uncle Stefano, in a coat half as shabby. Yes, you are quite right. 'Grasp all and grudge all'—that is his motto; but you forgot to add that he grasps all for others, and grudges all to himself."

Stefano Beni—a sallow, hard-featured Lombard—looked up with an odd twinkle in his eye; and, leaning on his mallet, said :—

"When I was in Venice, years ago, I saw a play acted. It was about a merchant who had borrowed money from a Jew, and had pledged a pound of his own flesh as security for the loan. Well, that merchant's ships were all wrecked, and he could not pay the money; so the Jew demanded his pound of flesh—living flesh, you know, to be cut from nearest the man's heart."

"But it was murder!"

"Ay; it was murder. And yet the lawyers could not save the man, because the forfeit was in the bond. However, the merchant had a sweetheart, and what do you suppose his sweetheart did?"

"Killed the Jew!"

"Better than that. She put on an advocate's wig and gown, and pleaded before the judges, and saved her lover's life."

"That was fine!" said the girl, breathlessly.

"Ay; and the fellow that played the Jew—how he raged and swore! If ever that piece is acted in Verona, I will take you to see it. But I think I have muddled it, somehow, after all. I can't remember clearly whether the girl was the merchant's own sweetheart, or the sweetheart of his friend."

"I don't care whose sweetheart she was," said La Giulietta, regretfully; "but she ought to have killed the Jew!"

"Humph!—You women are all bloodthirsty," said the wheelwright, with a grim smile. "However, my niece, if I ever get into trouble, you shall put on the wig and gown; for I'll be hanged if you're not the best special pleader in Verona."

The girl put Tito down, and, jumping up, leaned her clasped hands caressingly on the old man's shoulder.

"A good pleader wins his cause," she said; "and so the little uncle will put a new tire on Padre Anselmo's wheel!"

"I!—I put a new tire? Nonsense, child! Am I a blacksmith?"

"You are a dear, good, clever wheelwright, little uncle; and it is the wheelwright's business to get the tire put on, even though he does not put it on with his own hands. You know I cannot ask Luigi for the tire—so poor as he is, and with so many mouths to feed! He will put it on for nothing—good old Luigi! but the little uncle will pay for the iron."

"Now may the devil fly away with me if . . ."
 "If you refuse to do a good turn to a good man? Ah, but you are not going to refuse, uncle mio. Shall I ask Luigi to send for the wheel?"

"Where is the caretta?"
 "At the Golden Sun. Padre Anselmo always puts up at the Golden Sun."

"Humph! Matteo will be back presently—he can fetch it."

"There is my own good, kind. . . ."
 "Pardon, neighbour Beni—your servant, Signorina Giulietta," said a husky voice in the doorway.

It was a very small, withered, feeble-looking old man, in spectacles, and a woollen nightcap, and a shabby snuff-coloured coat reaching to his heels. His name was Citti, and he was Custodian of the Amphitheatre. He also sold curiosities, and wrote "Antiquario" over the door of the archway that served him for porter's-lodge, shop, dwelling, "kitchen and all." His stock-in-trade consisted of Etruscan and Roman relics grubbed up by himself in the substructions of the Amphitheatre, or found from time to time by the peasantry round about.

"There is a party of travellers just driven up," he said; "and I have a customer looking through my stock—a real connoisseur, who means buying. If I send him away, he is sure not to come back again; and seeing the Signorina Giulietta. . . ."

"You came to ask me to show the Arena for you? With pleasure, Signore Citti—it will not be the first time, will it? Give me the keys, and I will go at once. Take care of my basket, Uncle Stefano!"

And away ran La Giulietta with the big keys.
 "She is a dear, blessed child!" quavered the old custode, looking after her with feeble admiration. "She deserves a good husband."

The wheelwright shook his head.
 "Plenty of time for that!" he said, gruffly. "I don't want any nonsense of that sort put into her head, neighbour Citti—remember that."

The travellers, meanwhile, had alighted at the entrance to the Amphitheatre—a father, two daughters, and a courier—all English; the father tall and spare; the daughters long and languid; the courier loaded with wraps, guide-books, and sketching materials.

La Giulietta unlocked the heavy wooden door, dropped her little curtsy as they passed in, and was about to turn the key on the inside when a man came quickly across from the café opposite.

"One can see the Amphitheatre?" he asked.

It was the seafaring man of the Piazza dei Signori.
 "It costs one lire," replied La Giulietta, pointing to a written notice in the custode's window.

She admitted the English party without a word; but the new comer was of her own class, and might not care to pay the fee. The man, however, like most sailors ashore, was free-handed and flush of money, and tossed down his lire as if it were a copper.

"The Amphitheatre is supposed to have been built about the close of the first century, and the beginning of the second," said La Giulietta, repeating the little lesson she had learned from old Citti. "It is contemporaneous with the Coliseum at Rome. The circumference is fourteen hundred and seventy-six feet. The outer diameter of the building from end to end, is five hundred and forty-six feet, by four hundred and thirty-six feet across. The height from the ancient pavement is one hundred and six feet. The whole is built of fine Verona marble, upon basements of Roman brick-work. Of the outer circuit, which originally consisted of seventy-two arches, only four arches remain. This, if complete, would give only eight arches less than the circuit of the Coliseum."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed the tall gentleman, fretfully; "what is the girl jabbering about? Here, Jenkinson—this girl is talking Italian. Ask her to say it again, will you; and tell me what she says. What? Dates and measurements? Pooh! we have all that in Murray. Tell her we don't desire her information. We only want to go round the building."

"I particularly wish to see the dens where the wild beasts were kept," said one of the young ladies.

"And I want to go to the top, to make a sketch," said the other. The tall gentleman, standing in the middle of the arena, adjusted his double opera-glass and looked round the rows of ancient marble seats, much as he might have stood up in his stall between the acts and looked round "the house" at the opera.

"Ah, yes," he said. "Very interesting. Very interesting, indeed. Remarkably well preserved. Period of Diocletian, did you say, Jenkinson? Just so. Well, my dears, Jenkinson shall find me a sheltered seat under the lee of the wind, while you go over the building. Jenkinson, I hope you have brought both the fur rugs, and have not forgotten the air-cushion? Really now, we breakfasted so early, that I am inclined to cry *Panem et circenses*, and take a biscuit and a glass of sherry. If you were Oxford graduates, my dears, you would not need to be told that *panem et circenses* means "bread and circuses;" the watchword, so to say, of the turbulent *plebs* of Imperial Rome,—unruly gentlemen whom it was hard enough to keep in good humour by gifts of bread and the bloody shows of the Amphitheatre. You filled up the flask with the same Amontillado, I hope, Jenkinson? The girl will take you round the building, my dears; and Jenkinson will stay with me. Don't be long, please; because there are other things in this town which it is our duty to see, and I have ordered luncheon to be ready at half-past one."

La Giulietta was as good a guide as Citti himself. Armed with the old man's keys, she first took her travellers down to the gloomy dens and dank dark passages underground, where in olden time the beasts were caged and the captives driven forth to slaughter. Thence she led the way up flights of marble stairs and through winding corridors, to the topmost range of seats. And now the vast theatre—magnificent under the open sky, sinking away tier under tier to the oval arena far below, like a snowy crater hemming in a frozen lake—lay mapped out marble-white beneath their feet. And beyond the mighty sweep of the parapet, they looked over the city with its palaces and churches, its open places and its clustering roofs of brown and orange tiles. And there, too, ran the swift river dividing it, like a curved scimitar of flashing steel; and there, climbing the hillsides and fencing it round on every side, were the old walls with their forked battlements and picturesque towers. And beyond all these lay the circling landscape, green and wooded, with its convent-crowned heights, its villas, its vineyards, its ilexes and cypresses; and the purple line of the Euganean hills; and the snowy peaks of the Italian Tyrol.

The English girls looked round for a moment in silence. Then the younger took out a small sketch-book—the inevitable little Winsor-and-Newton book with its pencil and elastic-band—and chose her point of view.

"You are not going to attempt to sketch *this*, Theodolinda?" said the elder, with a slightly satirical stress on the demonstrative pronoun.

"Do you know any cause or just impediment why I should not sketch it?"

"Because—well, because it is impossible."

"*A cœur vaillant, rien d'impossible*," quoted the sketcher with a cold smile, sharpening the point of her pencil. "Besides, if it amuses me—if it serves to recall the scene by and by?"

To recall the scene! As if a tiny pencilled outline could recall those fantastic peaks and violet shadows, those blue hills and bronzed cypresses, that arrowy river, those mediæval towers, this marble wonder of symmetry and strength!

"If it were the day of the final conflagration, Theodolinda,"

said the first speaker, impatiently, "I believe you would sit on a peak and sketch the world in flames!"

"Thanks for the suggestion. Should the opportunity occur in my time, I will act upon it."

Close by where they were standing, between the topmost row of seats and the parapet, there was a rough wooden platform which had been erected for the use of the Government surveyors.

Turning away with a slight shrug, the elder sister mounted this platform, thus not only commanding a wider horizon, but looking sheer down the outer wall of the Amphitheatre, which, like a huge cliff, plunged down, rugged and weed-grown and weather-stained, to the piazza below. In that piazza, the busy little world of Verona was coming and going. There were loungers breakfasting outside the cafés; empty market-carts rumbling away towards the Porta Nuova; people hurrying to and fro; itinerant fruit, chestnut, and lemonade vendors sending up their shrill cries; hack-carriages in rank for hire, and omnibuses coming in from the Southern terminus, laden with luggage and crowded with passengers. A funeral procession presently emerged from one of the side-streets; an acolyte with a lantern mounted on a staff, a priest with an open book, and a following of hooded penitents bearing a covered bier. And before their dolorous death-chant had died away, there came a burst of military music, and a regiment of white-coated Austrian infantry marched briskly across the piazza, their bayonets flashing in the sun.

The sketcher, meanwhile, was busy with her pencil; the sailor leaned against the parapet; La Giulietta, resting on the old marble seat a little way back, stole a glance at "The Fatal Loves of Romeo and Giulietta."

"Theodolinda," said the elder sister, from her point of vantage on the platform; "do you remember that beautiful little flower with pink petals shading into violet, which we found last winter at the top of the Coliseum? They told us, you know, that it was one of the flora peculiar to the building, and unknown elsewhere."

"Yes—what of it?"
 "Well, I see one here, growing in a crevice of the outer wall of the Amphitheatre."

"Are you sure it is the same?" asked Theodolinda abstractedly.
 "I am confident of it—as confident as one can be from this distance. Unluckily, it is quite out of reach. . . . oh, dear! Don't do that—pray don't! It is too dangerous!"

"What is too dangerous?"

"Why, look at this man. . . . If his foot slips, he will be dashed to pieces!"

The sketcher, without rising, glanced up, and saw only two people where a moment before there had been three. The sailor had vanished. Noting the direction of the lady's eyes—perhaps, gathering something of the meaning of her words—he had slung himself lightly over the parapet, and by help of such hold for hand and foot as he could find in the interstices and inequalities of the masonry, had let himself down to almost within reach of the flower.

"He must have understood what you said," observed Theodolinda, coolly.

But the other sister—realising what must happen if the man's nerve or muscle failed—held her breath, closed her eyes, and said nothing.

La Giulietta, meanwhile, leaned over, breathlessly. She also realised the man's peril; but she neither closed her eyes nor felt the faintness of terror. She saw that he was agile and cool, and she admired his careless courage more than she feared his danger. Still her cheek paled somewhat, as he went lower, and still lower. His right hand, driven firmly in between the broken joints of the masonry, held on but a little way below the parapet. His right knee rested on a projection lower down. His left foot was planted on the edge of a still lower block—his left hand was stretched down to pluck the flower.

But the flower was just a little beyond his reach. He bent lower, and as he bent, the veins of his right hand stood out, and the knuckles showed white below the skin. The man's life hung by that hand!

The Englishwoman, opening her eyes for a moment, uttered a faint exclamation. The girl snatched off her little kerchief, twisted it into a rope, and with ready presence of mind, held it loopwise, at arm's length, over the edge of the parapet.

He did not see it. He saw nothing but that tiny pink blossom shivering in the breeze, half an inch below his fingers.

He would surely not attempt to go lower!

He paused—steadied himself by a closer grip of the knee—shifted the fingers of the right hand slowly, cautiously, as an organ-player shifts his fingers on the holding notes, and wormed his way an inch or two lower.

Now his fingers touch the weed! Now, carefully—as carefully as if he were gathering it from a rock by the roadside—he loosens it round; draws it out, root and all; takes it in his mouth; and, grasping the masonry with a double grip, hoists himself hand over hand till he gets both on the edge of the parapet.

And now, his head having not yet cleared the level, he looks up for the first time—looks up, and meets the girl's eyes looking down. For one second, their two faces are scarce a couple of feet apart—in hers a tremulous emotion; in his, something that sends the quick blood in a torrent, not merely to her cheek, but over throat and brow. She draws back hastily. The next instant he has swung himself over—lighted on his feet—picked up his hat—presented the coveted blossom to the lady on the platform.

"Oh, thank you! *Grazie molto!* But how could you run such a dreadful risk—and for a mere flower?" stammered the Englishwoman, making a vague dash at a word or two of Italian. "It was too dangerous—*troppo pericoloso*, you know!"

He smiled, and made a gesture of dissent.

"You must have understood what I said. . . . do you speak English?"

"A little, Signora."

"Well, you are a brave man; but a brave man should not risk his life for nothing."

"It was no risk, Signora."

The Englishwoman's purse was in her hand.

"I—I am very much obliged to you," she said, hesitatingly.

But our sailor was not one of those who take money for little courtesies.

"At your service, Signora," he said, touching his hat and turning away.

"It is the very same flower—I was sure of it," said the lady, rejoining her sister. "And see, he has had the good sense to get it out by the roots! But it was dreadfully dangerous. I shall never think of it without a shudder."

"I dare say it was not half so dangerous as it looked," replied the sketcher, intent on the curvature of her seats. "Remember that Arab who ran at full speed from the top to the bottom of the second pyramid, at Gheezeh!"

"Ah, well, he does it every day, and gets his living by it. This man would not let me offer him a penny. But what strange animal have we here?"

"An early Christian, I should say, dug up from some of those underground places we were in just now."

It was old Citti, carrying a bundle of shawls and feebly bowing. The Signora down below had sent him with these wraps for the noble ladies. The Signora begged the noble ladies to beware of cold, and not to forget that the wind was blowing from the north-east. Also he begged them to remember that they had yet a long *giro* to make before half-past one o'clock.

"What does he say, Theodolinda?" asked the elder sister, whose Italian was evidently limited.

"I haven't the slightest idea. He talks an unknown tongue—probably ancient Etruscan. Who are you, my good man?"

Old Citti, between bowing and coughing, explained that he was the custodian of the Amphitheatre, and that he had a small collection of antiquities for sale, if the noble ladies would condescend to inspect them as they passed out.

"And you, my blessed child," he added, turning to La Giulietta, "you can now go home; for my customer is gone. And he has bought all my Roman coins—at my own price, too! Don't I always say that you bring me luck? Give me the keys, dear child, and let yourself out by the little door. Here is my pass-key—you can leave it with Uncle Stefano, and I will fetch it away when these travellers are gone."

The girl was not sorry to be released. The morning was wearing on, and she had a piece of embroidery to finish before night. So she took the pass-key, dropt her curtsy to the ladies, and tripped away down the great marble staircases and gloomy passages that had rung so often in olden days to the rush and roar of thousands.

CHAPTER XL.

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT

"WILL you let me out at the same time, bella Giulietta?"

"You know my name?"
 That he should follow her was not surprising. She had perhaps some instinctive foreknowledge that he would do so. But that he should call her by her name. . . . This startled her.

"How should I not know it?"

"But you are a stranger!"

"Am I a stranger?"

"I never saw you in my life, till I let you into the Amphitheatre."

The sailor looked at her, gravely smiling.

"I stood close to you for some time this morning, at the book-stall in the Piazza dei Signori," he said. "You were buying that ballad that I saw you reading just now—the ballad of Romeo and Giulietta. Will you show it to me?"

"I have not time," she said, shyly.

He was walking beside her—walking slowly, as if to prolong the conversation; and as they went along the vaulted corridor, passing through spaces of shadow and openings of light, there came to them through the broad arches glimpses of the country beyond, and sounds of traffic from the town below.

"Prythee, not so fast!" he said; for she was quickening her pace. "I have much to say to you."

"What can you have to say to me? I do not know you."

"I have as much to say to you as that Romeo in your ballad had to say to Giulietta, the night of their first meeting. I don't ask if you know the story?"

"I have known it from childhood—every word of it."

"They fell in love at first sight, bella Giulietta!"

Still hastening, she looked away.

"There are those who say that love so kindled is the only real love. What do you think, dear donzella?"

"I—I have never thought about it."

"May I tell you what I think? Nay, listen to me for an instant! I think that, somewhere or another in the wide world, every human soul has its fellow soul; and that these two—created for each other—too often spend their whole lives seeking, wandering, yet never meeting. But when two such fellow souls do meet, then they recognise one another on the instant—know that they belong to one another, at once and for ever! That is the only heaven-born love—that is love at first sight! And it was so that Romeo and Giulietta fell in love here in Verona, five hundred years ago. Their eyes met, and their souls were reunited."

"But they were strangers, for all that!"

"Nay, then, what is it, after all, to be strangers? What does it mean? It means want of sympathy, want of trust, want of mutual knowledge. Are there not parents who, in this sense, are strangers to their own children?—husbands and wives who live together half their lives, and remain strangers to the end? But when the trust and the sympathy are immediate—when true souls meet, and recognise each other at first sight—what then? Now I deny that Romeo and Giulietta were strangers; because they became lovers on the instant; and how can lovers be strangers? Are you and I strangers?"

"I think so."

"And I think—not so. Are you not Giulietta, and am I not Romeo?"

The colour flew to her face.

"Is that your name?" she said.

Then, drawing back mistrustfully:—

"Ah, no! You jest. You are not Romeo!"

"Indeed I do not jest. I am Romeo—for you; if you will have it so!"

They had just come to one of the open arches. He pointed to the blue hills far away.

"Look," he said. "You have known all this from your childhood—as long as you can remember. Yet have you not sometimes felt as if your memory was older than yourself—as if you had seen the sunset on those mountains long, long ago, in other times than ours? And have you never met one whom you knew to be a stranger; but whom, nevertheless, you seemed to remember in some distant past? How can I seem to you as a stranger? To me it seems that I lost you long ago, and have just found you again."

They were now standing in the deep embrasure of the arch; the girl looking away; the man, with ardent eyes, bending passionately towards her.

"I never heard any one talk as you talk," she said, wonderingly.

"Were you born in that old house in the Via Cappello?"

"I have lived there as long as I can remember anything," she replied; "but I was not born there. I was born at Colognola, up in the hills yonder, among my father's people. My father and mother both died when I was a little child."

"And you have lived since then with your uncle, who is a wheelwright?"

"How do you know that? How do you know that I live in the Via Cappello?"

"One need not be a sorcerer to discover that," he answered. "Besides, where should la Giulietta live, if not in the house of her forefathers? But will you not let me see your ballad? By whom is it supposed to be sung—by the lover or the lady? What! not one glimpse, fair Giulietta? You are obdurate!"

"Indeed, I cannot stay. Listen! the clocks are striking! It is already nine."

"A moment longer! Does it seem strange to you that I dare to talk to you of love—I, who never saw you till to-day? To me, it is not strange. All my life long, I have been dreaming of the woman I could love. I have waited for her, till I was weary of waiting—I have sought for her, till I was weary of seeking. And now, now at last, dear Giulietta, my waiting is rewarded—my dreams have come true."

He took her hand, and for a moment she let it rest in his before she withdrew it. Truly no man had ever talked to her as this man talked! She listened, half bewildered, half trembling. She did not quite understand what he meant—whether he was talking of the present or the past; but only that he was talking of love.

"Did that lady ask you to get her the flower?" she asked, presently.

"No—but she said to her sister that she wished for it. We sailors climb, you know, like cats; and to gather it was easy. I only wish the flower had been for you!"

"And you understood her foreign tongue?"

"Enough for that. I have sailed many seas, and eaten the bread of many nations. It would be strange if I had not picked up a few words here and there."

"He had sailed many seas! A man whose home was on the deep; here to-day and gone to-morrow! She knew a girl up at Colognola who married a sailor; and when they had been two months wedded, the sailor joined his ship and went away to sea. That was three years ago; and to this day the girl knew not whether she was wife or widow. And Giulietta remembered how the village gossips shook their heads, and vowed they had foretold it; for your sailor, they said, is ever faithless! And this man with the grave voice, the ardent eyes, and the sweet persuasive words, like spoken music, would he not be faithless, like the rest? The thought stung her with quick pain. But she said nothing; only her cheek paled a little as she stood with averted face, looking over towards the hills."

All at once she felt his breath upon her hand—the hand which held the key. She drew it back quickly.

"No, cara," he said, "I was not going to kiss it. I would not so much as kiss the hem of your garment by stratagem. But what is the matter?"

"Cielo! Do you hear the clocks? Another quarter gone, and the day's work all to do! What will Uncle Stefano say to me when I take him the key?"

Cinderella herself never ran more swiftly when the clock struck twelve than La Giulietta now ran down the time-worn steps and echoing corridors. If the sailor had not been as good at running as at climbing, he would have found it a hard matter to keep up with her. In vain, as he ran, he entreated her not to mind about the key. She might leave it with him, and he would take care that old Citti had it safely when the travellers left.

But she only shook her head, and ran the faster.

"When shall I see you again?" he asked, as they traversed the last passage.

"How can I tell?"

"Will you go to market in the morning? Ah, no—I remember. There will be no market again till Thursday. Will you come here—to the Arena?"

"No, no—impossible!"

"Perhaps you may be going to mass?"

"To mass!—on a week-day morning! Do you take me for a fine lady?"

"Well, then, to vespers! Surely you sometimes go to vespers?"

"Sometimes—not often."

They had now reached "the little door" as it was called. It would have been a big door anywhere else. And now, because she was agitated and in haste, La Giulietta could not turn the key.

"Let me try," said the sailor.

But the lock was obstinate; and the more he tried it, the less it would open.

"You will go to vespers to-morrow, dear donzella?" he urged.

"Say that you will! Where shall it be? At San Zenone? Or is San Zenone too far from your home? You will not? So! it turns at last!—shall I not take charge of the key?"

But the girl—besides that she had left her basket in the workshop, would not give up her trust. She had promised to leave the key in Uncle Stefano's hands, and that she must do, to the letter.

"Then it is Addio—but not for long!" he said, as he locked the door on the outside and gave her back the key.

She lifted her dark lashes; gave him one shy, swift glance; whispered "Addio," and was gone.

Then he stood looking after her, till she reached the fifth archway to the left, under which was her uncle's workshop.

And neither he nor she observed how the driver of a passing vettura checked his horse to stare at them; witnessed their parting; and then—having a fare inside and a load of luggage on the roof—whipped on savagely, with rage in his heart and an oath between his teeth.

She had never said "Addio" to Tonio Moretti with such a look as that!

(To be continued)



THE CROPS.—Wheat generally appears to be a thick strong crop. The ears are small, but numerous and very well set. The growth of barley has been very rapid, and farmers ought to get a good crop off their barley lands. Oats are not so good a crop. Without being a failure they appear to be about the only staple which may not come up to the yield of last year. Peas and beans look very well. Potatoes are very promising both in England and in Ireland. This is likely to be remembered as a potato year. Swedes and turnips are getting on satisfactorily. In certain localities mangold seems a failure, but this is by no means general. Hay is a light crop, interrupted in getting owing to the frequent showers. Quality, however, is likely to be better than it was last year. *The Times* article on the crops, published on Monday last, and asserting that a general bad harvest seemed at hand, has been received with much surprise by the agricultural world.

VALUE OF AGRICULTURAL LAND.—At a recent sale several Herefordshire farms found ready purchasers. About 1,250 acres, producing yearly 1,745*l.*, sold for 62,000*l.*, or a return of a little under 3 per cent.

NEW VARIETIES OF POTATOES.—The Select Committee, which has lately been considering this question, report that as all varieties wear out and become weak in about a quarter of a century, the introduction of new varieties should receive Government encouragement through the foundation of experimental farms and other recognised means of promoting research.

FATTENING FOWLS.—French poultry fanciers are now feeding fowls designed for market with barley and steamed yellow carrots. This feed is remarkable for its rapid fattening qualities, though the more purely artificial processes, such as are pursued by Mr. Baker and other famous American breeders, are probably more rapid still.

HAY FERMENTATION.—Good or bad hay largely depends upon the degree of fermentation after stacking. New hay, which has undergone no fermentation at all, is harsh and strong in taste, so that animals reject it, unless very hard pressed by hunger. On the other hand, over-fermentation quite spoils it, and makes it dangerous for food.

WILD BIRDS.—The Bill brought in by Mr. Dillwyn, Sir John Lubbock, and Mr. James Howard, to Amend the Laws Relating to the Protection of Wild Birds, provides that any person who, between March 15th and August 1st, shall kill or take any wild bird, or shall have in his control or possession any wild bird, shall, on conviction for a first offence, be reprimanded and discharged on payment of costs, and for every subsequent offence forfeit or pay for every wild bird so killed or so found in his control a sum of money

not exceeding five shillings. The need of protecting wild birds must be apparent to all dwellers in the country, particularly where there are large towns near. This measure, however, will require careful consideration. The penalties, if any are to be enforced at all, should surely be heavier.

CORNWALL.—The Assistant Commissioner for the South-West of England will, we believe, report that this county has not suffered so much from agricultural depression as has Devonshire, or even the majority of counties. Vacant farms are well competed for, and few bankruptcies have been reported during the past year.

EGG MILKING. says a contemporary, is scarcely ever practised now, for the very good reason that flock-masters think it takes more out of the ewe than they can find in the cheese. Ewe milk cheese, however, is very fine, and if properly mellowed there is no other cheese, home or foreign, to equal it. This is an interesting but slightly contradictory statement. If this special cheese is unrivalled in excellence it is strange, indeed, if it does not pay for making it. The goat milk cheese of Roquefort is largely made, and has acquired an European reputation.

A SARDINE FISHERY IN CORNWALL

PILCHARD fishing is no novelty. In the days of the Henries and Edwards, when Fowey was the most bustling port of the West, and the "Fowey gallants" the most go-ahead of Cornish traders, pilchards used to be caught, both in drift nets and seines, and sent off in hogsheads to Italy and Spain just as they are nowadays from St. Ives and St. Sennen; the only difference being that the oil squeezed out of them before they are salted down is now said to become cod liver oil—a dignity it certainly did not attain to then. Not six years ago this making of *fumados* (smoked fish, corrupted in Cornwall into "fair maids"), as the Spanish call the dry salt pilchard, was all that was attempted in the way of manufacture. What were not eaten in the county were sent abroad; and grievous of late have been the complaints that since the decay of the Temporal power the Italian market had grown worse; Lent, it was clear, was not so rigidly kept as it used to be when the Pope had an army of his own.

To Mr. Fox, of the well-known Falmouth family, belongs the credit of having started a new industry. Naturalists had long puzzled themselves about the exact relationship between herring, pilchard, and sardine; he, more practical, argued that a small pilchard being very like a big sardine, it would, if treated in the same way, be found just as good eating. The result, as any one who will buy a tin of pilchard-sardines may test for himself, fully justified his expectations. The pilchard-sardine is so good that very few would detect any difference between it and the best brands "à l'huile supérieure" from the lower Loire.

The process is interesting, as a reference to our illustrations at once proves. Tourists who care to explore outlying places to which still clings an old-world savour should make their way to Mevagissey. Both it and the neighbouring Polperro (home of Couch the naturalist) are worth exploring. The bay is one of the loveliest in England; and, though the quaint little sardine-town is not so lively and altogether fishy as St. Ives when all the seine-boats have had a "great take," still work is going on there now, while the "great takes" often come later than most people's holidays. The pilchard-sardine is not seined, but caught in drift nets, mostly before the big shoals have formed. Nothing is more picturesque than a line of boats with their dark sails driving for fish. They look well in our picture; but to see them properly you must be lying on Mevagissey beach or looking out of the inn window. After landing the fish, they are at once washed. Mr. Cregoe, or Mr. Michael Dunn, or whoever else shows you over, will insist on this; the "Cornish Sardine Company" succeeds because no delay is allowed between landing and cleaning. The washers, taking the fish from the big baskets in which they have been landed, arrange them, heads downward, in the light trays in which you see them being so deftly hung up to drain and dry.

Then comes the boiling; observe the cook; she is a typical Cornish girl, *báthukolpos*, one of Mr. Boyd Dawkins' Basques. But comely as she is (and she knows it), she never lets her fish boil a second too long, but passes them on, unmashed, unbroken, to the packers whose slender fingers fill the tin cases. Then comes the oiling—the best olive, and none else, being used; and then the soldering; see how carefully those fellows are working, each with his brazier and his charcoal-scuttle beside him; and how anxious each is that the brass labels: "Pilchards in Oil; Gold Medal, 1874," should be firmly fastened to the tins.

And now the work is over as far as the local workers are concerned. The next thing is to send the cases off to London or Bristol, or to Australia, where (we believe) patriotic Cornish miners insist on having the old home fish among their tinned meats, and vow that its flavour is better than that of the best sardine ever sent out by Firmin or Le Rat. The two products are certainly very much alike. And no wonder; the process is precisely the same as the French, small delicate pilchards only being chosen; while the rich oily nature of the pilchard specially fits it for the treatment.

Well; we wish the Cornish Sardine Company all success. We are glad to learn that the manufacture is steadily increasing, and that the pilchard-sardine has made its way not only into most colonial, but into many foreign markets. One hint we venture to give, because our good wishes are hearty; can't the price be somewhat lowered? The other day, in a country town far away from Cornwall, sardines were offered to us at three prices—7*d.*, 10*d.*, and 1*s.*—according to size of tin; for the pilchard-sardine tin, a trifle the largest it is true, 1*s.* was asked. Cannot Mevagissey undersell the Sables d'Olonne? And would it not pay to tin the bigger fish, of course with best olive oil, and sell them at a much cheaper rate, so that the artisan in our large cities might learn to like what would be a wholesome change from his rasher or questionable egg? We don't do a tithe of what we might with the harvest of the sea.

RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

IT would be tolerably safe to predict that "Dramatic Idyls: Second Series," by Robert Browning (Smith, Elder), will be received with a chorus of jubilation by the few who profess to understand and admire the author's later work; the world in general, and lovers of poetry in particular, may fail to see any just reason for the publication of the six quasi-metrical tales which complete the volume. In themselves the stories are not bad, but as usual they are told in strains so carefully unmusical that any interest they may possess is lost sight of in the irritation caused by such monuments of perverted talent, and the perpetual strain after discovery of some possible meaning in the labyrinth of verbiage which enfolds them. Perhaps the best, in every way, is "Muleykeh," a tale of Hoseyn the Arab and his favourite steed; Muleykeh is stolen from her master, who, hot in pursuit, gains upon the thief, but at the last moment shouts to him the secret by which the mare's strongest efforts may be evoked; so Duhl escapes triumphant, and Hoseyn goes home to mourn, having sacrificed his beloved rather than any should say she had ever been beaten. There is an element of Eastern romance in this, and the verse is rather less unequal. But "Clive" is well-nigh unreadable from the jerky, broken style, and the metre in which it is written demanded

especially flowing numbers. Of the other minor pieces it is hardly necessary to say more than that "Pan and Luna," which comes last in the volume, is technically the best of the set, and, were it not for the subject, would have given a certain amount of pleasure. But if any one can get through the bewildering rhapsody called "Pietro of Abano," without other than a sense of relief at the end, that reader must possess a curiously warped judgment of poetry. What with illogical rhymes, a half unintelligible subject, and a metre which recalls no known precedent, it is about as wearisome a series of conundrums as even Mr. Browning has ever propounded to the world. The bars of music at the end are very like an impertinence, and the whole strikes one as being intended to try how much a long suffering public will endure from a recognised author.

It is with sincere pleasure that we welcome another volume from the pen of Mr. Alfred P. Graves, whose graceful "Songs of Killarney" will be fresh in the memory of many of our readers. Great as was the promise contained in these, they had scarcely prepared us for the performance shown in the present work, "Irish Songs and Ballads" (Manchester: Alexander Ireland), which ought to place its author in the foremost rank of national song-writers, and to gain for him no mean place amongst the lesser poets of the day. Mr. Graves has the advantage of being a Celtic scholar, and thus all the rich stores of Irish vernacular literature lay open to him; of these he has not been slow to avail himself in such versions of old legends as "The Fairy Branch" or "Patrick and Oisín;" but, as regards the former, it must be admitted that its blank verse shows the author more at home in those lyric measures which he gives with such grace and music; such a line, for instance, is hardly admissible as,

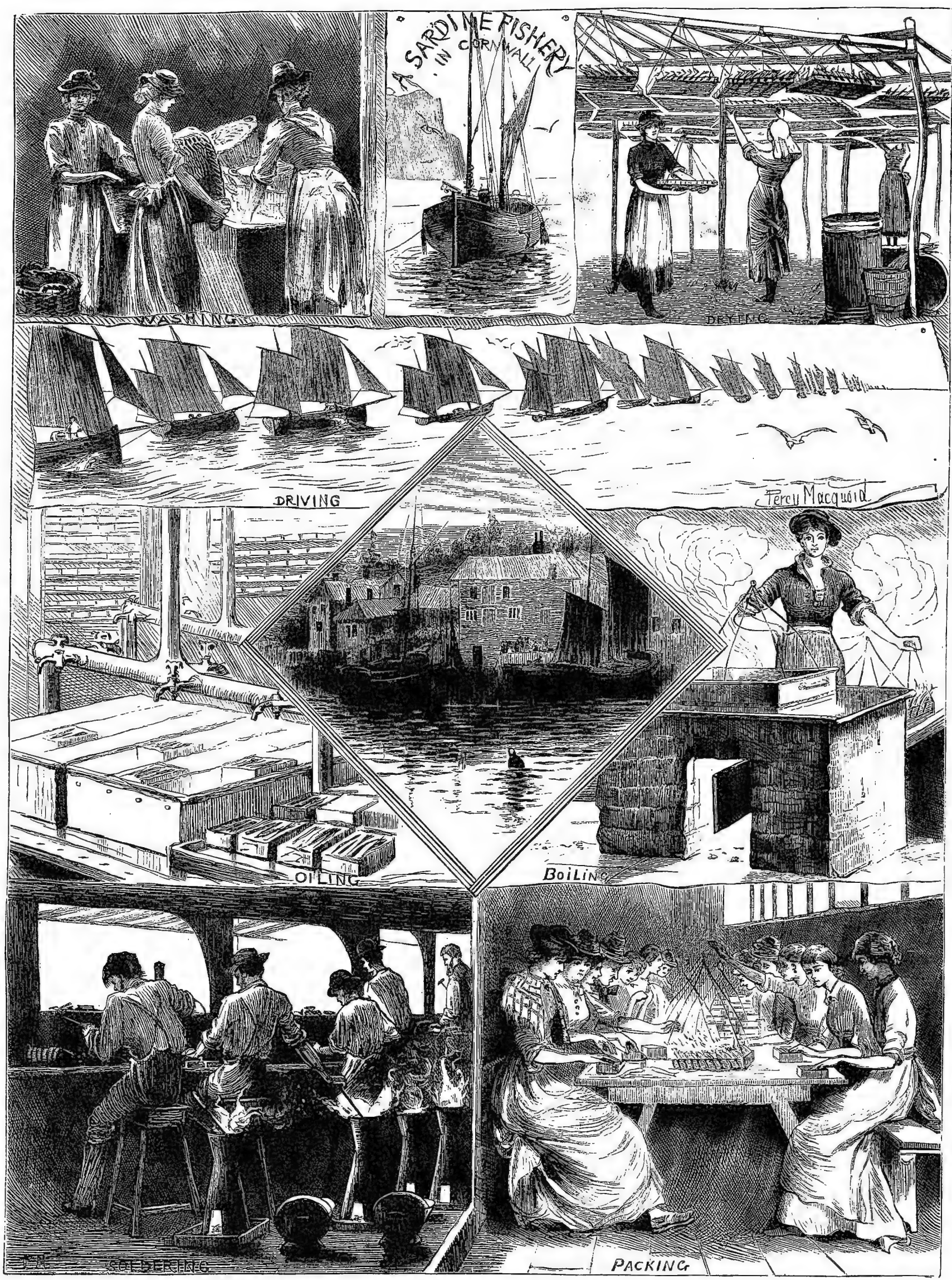
From chamber on to chamber, smote.

In speaking of the Irish songs and ballads, there is nothing to do but to praise the author without reserve. He writes as a true son of the soil "to the manner-born," with all the quaint combination of humour and pathos which distinguishes the national turn of thought, whilst the flowing rhythm of his lines would sufficiently speak for the beauty of the almost unknown airs to which most of them are set, even without the evidence of the noted accompaniments furnished in an appendix. Amongst those which we have marked for special commendation are "The Smith's Song," "Twas pretty to be in Ballinderry," "The Handsome Witch," "The Irish Spinning-wheel Song," and above all "The Song of the Ghost." The notes are excellent, and useful, though sometimes Mr. Graves's patriotic fervour seems to carry him away a little, e.g., "tussocks" is so common an English word as hardly to need any explanation, and should certainly not have been included amongst Anglo-Irish terms. We congratulate the author highly, and recommend his book to all who can appreciate graceful verse embodying picturesque, original sentiment.

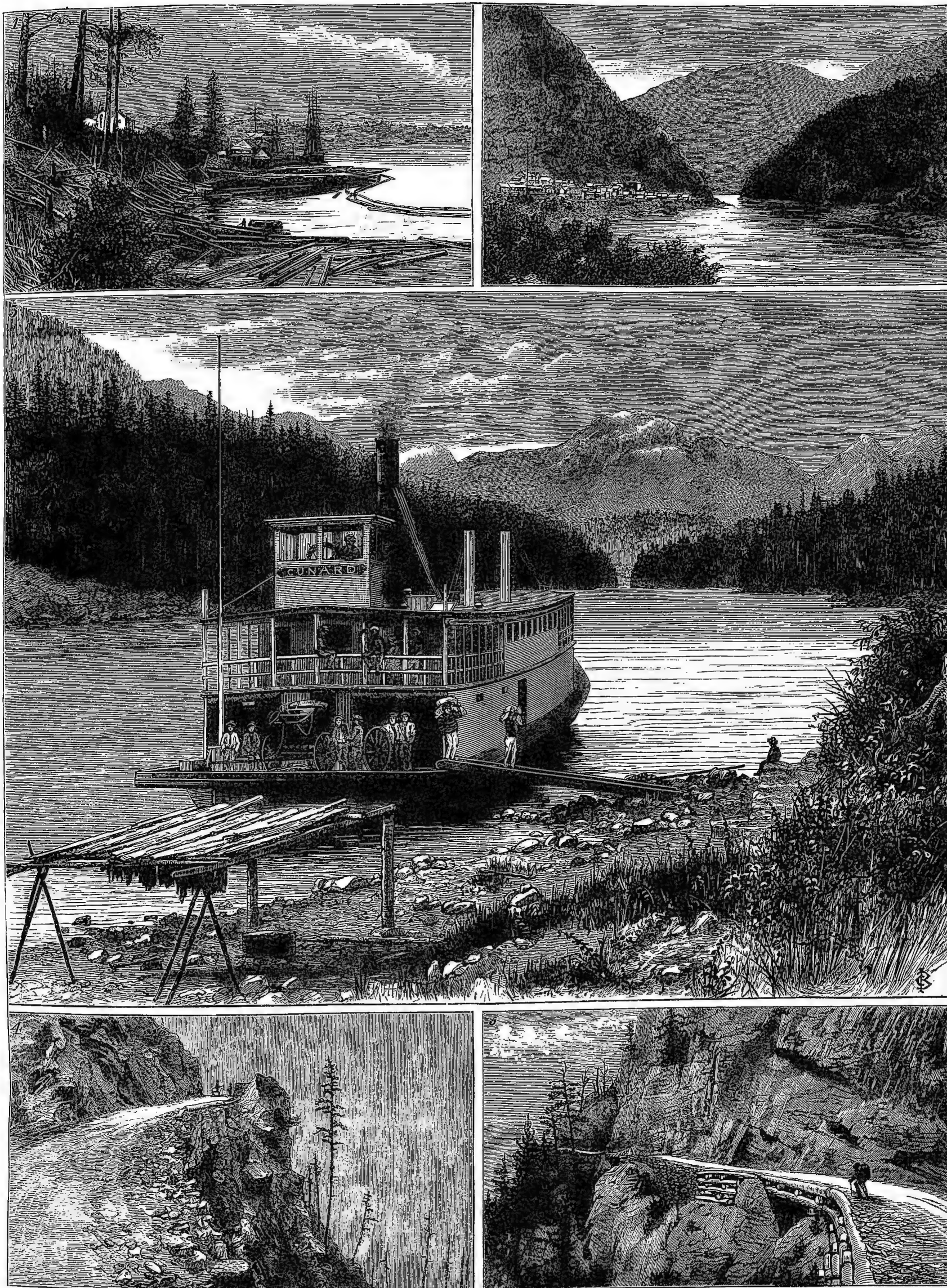
"**DRINK UP.**"—It is scarcely surprising that a feeling of uneasiness, if not of actual alarm, prevails amongst the members of the liquor trade. The enemy is arrayed against them on every side, his strength and courage increasing at every successful advancing stride. There is yet time, however, for "mine host," if he is so disposed, to bestir himself and set his house in order, and make such concessions as regards his customers as will tend materially to take off the edge of the sword that threatens him. He, the public-house keeper, is quite mistaken when he imagines that the turn of the tide against him is due entirely to the fanatical efforts of the more advanced of the apostles of temperance. The more intelligent of the working classes who are not teetotallers have against him a grievance of long standing, and are prompt to avail themselves of the advantages offered by the coffee-house tavern, even though the liquors there dispensed are less to their liking than those served in shining pewter across the metal counter. The publican's avarice has, to a certain extent, caused the present disaffection for him. He has long ceased to care for the personal comfort or the social requirements of those on whom he depends for the fattening of his money-tills. Twenty years ago, a public-house was a place to which a working man might resort in the day-time to rest and eat his dinner, and smoke a quiet pipe with his shopmates after it. There was a "tap-room" or a parlour attached to the premises, where, in the winter, a good fire was kept up, and at all times a plate, and knife and fork, and bread to eat with his mid-day meal, were always to be had for the asking. The same room was at his service in the evening, and there he sat with his cronies eking out his pint of beer and discussing the events of the day. Years ago, however, these privileges were taken from him. Tap-room, parlour, every available foot of space has been made subservient to the "bar," or "standing up" trade, as it is called. Neither stool, table, chair, or form is permitted to unprofitably occupy ground that is so valuable. Those who can elbow their way to the counter stand their pots and glasses there in the intervals of drinking; those who are behind hold their measures in their hands, and are glad, in the midst of the pushing and jostling, to "drink up" and get rid of them. "Drink up" is the modern publican's motto. Drink up and go, or make haste to have your glasses replenished to show your right to your foot of standing-room. There can be no doubt but this outrageous taking advantage of the easy good nature of many that drink not to get drunk, but for good fellowship sake, is a great temptation to men to take more than is good for them—more than they would dream of drinking were they permitted to imbibe and gossip at their leisure, and were not egged on by the unmistakable hints of bustling barmen and barmaids to "drink up." At the coffee tavern the working man can eat his dinner in peace and quiet, and read the newspaper. In the evening he can betake himself thither, and smoke his pipe and play a game at draughts or dominoes. "And I find it agrees with me very well," remarked a brick-layer with whom we spoke on the subject. "I have a 'wet' at the 'public' afore I gets to the coffee place, and 'top up' with another wet going home; and so I goes to bed comfortable, and with nothing agin my conscience." There are two things the publican will hasten to do if he is wise. He will restore the old custom of things as regards the parlour or tap-room, and he will be ready to serve his customers with tea and coffee (of evenings, at all events) as well as with intoxicating liquors.



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THE SARDINE FISHERY IN CORNWALL



1. Burrard Inlet, the Proposed Terminus of the Line.—2. The Town of Yale, Fraser River.—3. Emery's Bar, Thompson River, where the Railway will Cross.—4. Chapman's Bar Bluff, Stage Road between Yale and Cariboo.—5. On the Lilloett Road.

THE PROPOSED INTER-OCEANIC PACIFIC RAILWAY IN CANADA — VIEWS ON THE LINE OF ROUTE

ROBERT BURNS

[This is a new and hitherto-unpublished poem by Mr. Longfellow, which will appear in America simultaneously with this publication.]

I SEE amid the fields of Ayr
A ploughman, who, in foul or fair,
Sings at his task
So clear, we know not if it is
The laverock's song we hear, or his,
Nor care to ask.

For him the ploughing of those fields
A more ethereal harvest yields
Than sheaves of grain;
Songs flush with purple bloom the rye,
The plover's call, the curlew's cry,
Sing in his brain.

Touched by his hand, the way-side weed
Becomes a flower; the lowliest reed
Beside the stream
Is clothed with beauty; goose and grass
And heather, where his footsteps pass,
The brighter seem.

He sings of love, whose flame illumines
The darkness of lone cottage rooms;
He feels the force,
The treacherous under-tow and stress,
Of wayward passions, and no less
The keen remorse.

At moments, wrestling with his fate,
His voice is harsh, but not with hate;
The brush-wood hung
Above the tavern door lets fall
Its bitter leaf, its drop of gall,
Upon his tongue.

But still the burden of his song
Is love of right, disdain of wrong;
Its master-chords
Are Manhood, Freedom, Brotherhood;
Its discords but an interlude
Between the words.

And then to die so young, and leave
Unfinished what he might achieve!
Yet better sure
Is this than wandering up and down,
An old man, in a country town,
Infirmit and poor.

For now he haunts his native land
As an immortal youth; his hand
Guides every plough;
He sits beside each ingle-nook;
His voice is in each rushing brook,
Each rustling bough.

His presence haunts this room to-night,
A form of mingled mist and light,
From that far coast.
Welcome beneath this roof of mine!
Welcome!—this vacant chair is thine,
Dear guest and ghost!

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

THE METROPOLITAN POLICE

EVER since the days of Sir Robert Peel the Metropolitan Police Force has always been a subject of more or less interest to the inhabitants of London, but in recent years it has come to be regarded with considerable anxiety, which has gradually deepened until at the present moment it may be said to have reached a point of culmination. On every hand we hear complaints and questionings urged in no uncertain voices, and the fact that, so far, no satisfactory reply has been evoked from official quarters, only helps still further to increase the popular distrust.

And it must be confessed that this distrust is only too well founded. The eyes of the general public were first opened to the unhealthy state of things existing in the force by the scandalous exposure of three of the chief officers of its detective department in the great Turf Fraud Case; and the notorious increase in London and its suburbs of burglaries and other serious crimes has only served to confirm the long-felt suspicion that something is radically wrong both in the organisation and in the administration of the Force.

The recollection of Burton Crescent, Euston Square, and latterly of Harley Street, would be sufficient to raise grave misgivings as to the efficiency of the force; but the strongest evidence of the necessity of immediate reform is afforded by the official reports and statistics. Indeed, the state of things disclosed by the Reports of the Commissioners of Police and the voluminous Criminal Returns of the Home Office is nothing short of alarming. They show, for instance, that though the criminal classes in the metropolis in 1878 were only about half as numerous as in 1869, the number of serious offences had not in the least decreased, and, worse still, the apprehensions were some nine hundred less. They show, also, that of the total number of indictable offences in England and Wales in 1878, almost one-third of them were committed in the metropolis, although we are informed that in London there is a less proportion of criminals than in the other districts of the country. Beyond this, too, whilst the proportion of apprehensions for the whole country was 44.5 per cent. of the offences, in the metropolis it was only 29.7 per cent., which is lower than it had been for several years. We are told, also, that though the population of the district assigned to the metropolitan police is, roundly speaking, only one-sixth of that of the whole country, more than half of the total number of burglaries in England and Wales were committed in the metropolis; and (what is perhaps the most serious item in the list) that though in England and Wales these offences have decreased since 1869 by 39 per cent., in London they have increased by nearly 27 per cent.

But, if the police have signally failed in the prevention of crime, their failure as regards the detection of criminal offenders is still more prominent, and nothing could well be more conclusive on this point than the testimony afforded by the Criminal Returns. So far back as nine years ago, the value of property lost and not recovered by the police was 58,044l.—and this, we must remember, was under the old detective system—in 1878 it reached a total of 137,498l., an increase of 136 per cent.; whilst, as we have already pointed out, as regards the mysterious crimes so frequently occurring in our great city, the new Department of Criminal Investigation seems to be singularly at fault. Facts such as these require no comment.

But with the decline of its efficiency the cost of the force has very greatly increased. The pay alone of the police in 1869-70 was 500,150l., and for last year 839,517l.—showing an increase in ten years of more than a quarter of a million. But though the sum expended on the pay was thus increased all but 50 per cent., the numbers of the force have been augmented by only 20.5 per cent. An increase in the rates of pay is observed all round, and there can

be no doubt that the metropolitan police are now better cared for than they ever were before.

Another striking point is the enormous increase which has developed in the cost of administration. Ten years ago the salaries and allowances of the seven officers who composed the administrative staff amounted to 7,057l. Two more officers, the legal adviser and the Director of Criminal Investigations, have since been added to the staff, which now costs 10,143l. The cost of the staff of clerks to the Commissioner has also increased, at a still greater rate, from 4,321l. in 1869-70 to 9,336l. in last year. In short, the total cost of the executive department has risen in the last ten years by 71 per cent., although the force has not increased much more than 20 per cent. during the period. Of course some allowance must be made for increase of population, but this has not been in the same ratio by a long way. No one, we imagine, would be disposed to grumble at the expense (amounting now to a trifle over a million annually) if there was anything like a proportionate efficiency to show for it; but, as the facts we have quoted above only too clearly prove, this efficiency does not exist. Every aspect of the question shows the pressing necessity for immediate reform; and, moreover, that further delay is likely to prove dangerous, and will only increase the difficulty. The late Home Secretary was fully aware of the highly unsatisfactory condition of affairs; but, as is not difficult to understand, he appeared not to care about interfering if he could possibly help it. The reorganisation of so large and important a body as the Metropolitan Police is no light and irresponsible task. His successor, however, has taken the matter in hand; and whether anything will be done during the present Session of Parliament is more than doubtful. The Government have more than enough of difficult questions and embarrassments already on their hands.

As to the nature of the reforms to be adopted it is not our province to speak. That reforms are urgently required must be patent to every one; though, of course, opinions may differ as to their scope and character. We have even heard a suggestion that the force should be abolished altogether. This must have been either a Utopian dream or a piece of delicate satire. We are inclined to regard it in the latter light. As regards the recently created Department of Criminal Investigation, however, opinion seems pretty well agreed that it is a mistake. Moreover, the late Sir Richard Mayne, who was undoubtedly the right man in the right place, was well known to be strongly averse to a large and permanent detective staff. Certainly this new department has as yet only given evidence of incapacity. On this point our contemporary the *Examiner*, who appears to be exceptionally well informed on the subject, thinks that the Detective Department should have been disbanded altogether, and power given to the superintendents of police to employ the most intelligent of the ordinary constables as occasion requires. That such a system would have many advantages there can be no doubt; but the old system also had its merits. It is a remarkable fact, however, that in forces like the Irish Constabulary, having no separate body of detectives, the detection of crime is much more efficiently prosecuted. This, however, is only a branch of the subject, though nevertheless a very important one. The plain facts are that, with greatly increased cost, the Metropolitan Police are now in a more inefficient state than they have been for a very considerable period.

NEWSPAPERS, PAST AND PRESENT

NOT even the astounding advances of utilitarian science are more wonderful than the development of the newspaper press during the last half-century. The difference between the old News Letters of the latter part of the seventeenth century, and the early impressions of the *Morning Post*, *Morning Chronicle*, and even of *The Times*, is not so great as that which separates those first issues of the Fourth Estate, as we understand it, from the newspapers of the present day.

Eighty years ago, the newspaper was made up of skits upon fashion and famous personages, satirical poems, piquant scandals—in fine, it was such as the "Society" journals are now. There was a little foreign and war news; but home affairs were almost entirely ignored. Neither law nor police cases nor public meetings were reported. Perhaps, in the latter case, our ancestors had something to be thankful for, since it kept in their natural obscurity many obnoxious personages of whom we hear too much nowadays.

The first great impetus to journalism was given by the establishment of *The Times*. The *Public Advertiser*, the *Morning Post*, the *Morning Herald*, and the *Morning Chronicle* had preceded it; but the energy and skill with which the future "Thunderer" was conducted soon distanced all rivals. The first number appeared in 1785, but not under its present world-famous title. It was started under the name of the *Universal Register*. Mr. Walter, the grandfather or great-grandfather (?) of the present proprietor, had at this period a crotchet which he called logography, or word-printing—that is to say, a great number of the most common words in the English language, such as "heat," "cold," "wet," "dry," "murder," "fire," "robbery," were cast in blocks instead of being set up in separate letters; and, in spite of much opposition on the part of compositors and its obvious inconveniences, he persisted in printing the paper by this system for some time. It had, however, ultimately to be abandoned.

On the 1st of January, 1788, the *Universal Register* was issued as *The Times*. It was a single sheet, without a leader, and with fifty-seven advertisements; and in the latter respect even then it was ahead of its contemporaries. It was printed by hand, at the rate of about 450 per hour; and its price was 3d., which was an advance of one halfpenny upon that of any other paper.

The last number printed by hand was published on November 28, 1814. From that date the steam press, the first of its kind, was brought into use, and printed what was then considered the prodigious number of 1,100 per hour. So increased were the pressmen at the introduction of machinery that threatened to supersede their labour, that it was considered necessary to call in the protection of the law in anticipation of an attempt being made at its destruction; but a promise on the part of Mr. Walter, that no man should be thrown out of employment by the change, prevented all mischief.

When the *Evening Standard* was started, in 1827, it was a single sheet, price 4d.; its circulation was only 700 or 800 copies daily, and its advertisements fell short of one column. We can only appreciate this change by glancing through its present colossal form, its pages of advertisements, and by calling to mind that its daily circulation now approaches upon 200,000, that it is thrown off at the rate of 25,000 an hour on sheets of paper five miles in length, and is printed, cut, and folded by machinery alone.

One need not be very old to remember the first number of the *Telegraph*. It was started in 1855, a single sheet, price 2d., and was a failure. It was then made over by its originator as a security for debt to Mr. Levy, who published it at 1d. Grant, in his "History of the Newspaper Press," tells us that the sum paid for advertisements in the first impression was seven shillings and sixpence!

Perhaps even more wonderful than these facts and results is the development of the system by which they have been brought about, since the days when contributors to a daily journal might have been reckoned by units, to this year of grace 1880, when their number is legion; since news, like men, could only travel in post-chaises and letter-bags, to the days of Reuter's telegrams, when a detailed account of a battle fought in the wilds of India can be flashed across thousands of miles, and read here in London, within a few hours of its occurrence.

What a marvellous revelation it would be to Dr. Johnson, were it

possible to resuscitate him, with his remembrances of his old garret days, when he used to shape the rough notes, taken surreptitiously in the Gallery of the House of Commons, into speeches, which, under high-sounding Roman names, substituted for the true, were published in the *Gentleman's*, and were the only reports of Parliamentary proceedings that the public could obtain! What a revelation to the old Leviathan would be the present system of Parliamentary reporting, which works with the precision and exactitude of a machine!

The establishment of the Press Association Telegraph, by which all newspapers obtain their home news in common, has greatly minimised that keen competition between different journals, of which old reporters tell us such capital stories, when all depended upon the ready wit and resources of their representatives, upon the speed of a horse, upon the state of the roads or the weather; when the breaking of a trace, the mare falling lame, the splintering of a shaft, taking the wrong road on a pitch-dark night, or any of the accidents incidental to quick travelling, would give an opposition paper the first of some coveted piece of intelligence. And it may well be supposed that, in their eagerness for the first innings, rival reporters were not particular in resorting to something more than legitimate artifice; when they put up at the same hotel, their attitude was ever on guard, and even the roads they travelled were, if possible, kept secret from each other.

A good anecdote was told me some time ago by one of the actors in these contests. Sir Robert Peel was to deliver a speech, somewhere far down in the north of England, which was looked forward to with unusual interest, and it would be worth a considerable sum to the first paper who could issue the report. There were two, the *Sun* and the *Post*, I think they were, between which the competition was peculiarly keen. One, the *Post*, I believe, had made extraordinary arrangements along the whole line of road, securing short relays of the fleetest horses, and taking such precautions that not a moment's delay should occur in the transmission of the report. But the rival journal, while making equally complete provision for the speed of its representative, supplemented it with a clever expedient. Its sheets, printed with the ordinary news of the day, but with a considerable blank space left, were sent down to a certain printing office in the town in which the coveted speech was to be delivered; a large number of compositors were engaged, and bit by bit the speech, as Sir Robert was delivering it, was sent off to the office by the *Sun's* active reporter, and set up. As soon as it was completed it was printed into the blank space, and while the *Post* was tearing up the London road with its "flimsy," its rival was dispatching copies to all the great towns about, and was following behind with a cargo for town. Of course the *Post* arrived in London first, and some time after its arrival met the *Sun* entering at break-neck speed. The former's chuckle of satisfaction and cry of victory, however, was suddenly checked, although he could not understand the mystery, by his rival flourishing out of the chaise window the printed copy of his newspaper.

The special correspondent is a creation entirely of our own time. The intelligence in which he deals was formerly given in the tersest and driest form. Perhaps his peculiar style has been a little overdone of late; and the minuteness with which he describes everything he eats, and drinks, and wears, and how he sleeps, and what he thinks is becoming a little tedious; but, for all that, we should very much miss his lively chat, and would not be content with the meagre, prosy paragraphs that contented our fathers.

Like every branch of literature, the newspaper is now nothing if not light and amusing. Such *feuilletons* as appear in the *Telegraph* are quite innovations upon the dignified sobriety of the old newspaper of twenty years back, of which *The Times* is now the only representative. Even the long-winded, ponderous leader, upon which so much labour was expended, which our fathers used to peruse with such conscientious deliberation, and which this irreverent age either skims or skips, is giving way to smartly written paragraphs. Reviews of books, abstracts of lectures, dramatic and literary notices are lengthier and more frequent. Indeed, the form of the newspaper is rapidly changing; it is approximating more to the magazine, and is decidedly very much more readable for the change.

H. BARTON-BAKER.

MIRAGE SEEN FROM A BALLOON

AT 5 P.M., on June 6th, the balloon *Il Campidoglio* made its third ascent from the Villa Martinari, outside the Porta del Popolo, Rome, carrying aloft the well-known French aeronaut, M. Henri Beudet, and two amateurs, Mr. D. Sterlich, and Mr. C. Bexley Vansittart. The balloon presently rose to a height of 6,000 feet, from which elevation a beautiful view was visible. The city lay underneath like a map, all the principal streets and buildings were clearly perceptible, including even the persons in the *piazze*, who looked like so many dots. The course of the Tiber could be traced; while the Alban Hills, with their numerous villages, looked as if at an insignificant distance.

At 6,500 feet the balloon entered the clouds; and the thermometer, which had been 76° at starting, fell to 40°. Gradually a height of 9,000 feet was attained, under a clear sky, the clouds being left some 2,000 feet below.

Here the voyagers first saw the mirage—that is, the reflection of the balloon in miniature at a considerable distance. It seemed exactly as if another balloon were travelling in company; and the illusion was heightened when a shout from M. Beudet was answered, after a few seconds' interval, by an echo.

At 5.45 P.M. the balloon attained its greatest elevation—namely, 11,650 feet—and, as the travellers were in full sunlight, the temperature rose to 47°. Here there was a magnificent prospect of the world of clouds heaped up below. They resembled fantastically-shaped mountains, varied by huge unfathomable crevasses, whose broken edges glittered in the sun, while at times they seemed to run down to broad and extensive plains. The voyagers stayed long gazing at this enchanting spectacle.

On the downward course the mirage again presented itself, but in a far more remarkable manner. On this occasion, the reflection of the balloon appeared below, no longer in solitary grandeur, but surrounded by two immense concentric circles of light, which formed a luminous halo around it. Here also the experiment of the echo was successfully repeated.

At the height of 9,000 feet the balloon plunged into a dense black cloud, and here the greatest degree of cold was experienced, the thermometer descending to 9° below freezing point, while the beards and clothing of the voyageurs were covered with tiny icicles produced by a fall of very fine rain. On descending to milder regions, the reflected balloon no longer appeared in the centre of the glittering halo, but seemed to rest as though supported on the very circle itself. This is the effect depicted in our engraving.

The descent was effected near Rieti, on the side of a rugged mountain in the Sabine range, close to the village of Oliveto Sabino, and about forty-five miles from Rome. The landing took place with a series of violent shocks, by which Messrs. Beudet and De Sterlich were severely bruised; and had it not been for the *corde de déhivrance*, which, on being violently pulled, tears the silk asunder, and brings the machine to a standstill by letting all the gas escape, the travellers would have been carried by the strong wind which was blowing to the top of the mountain, whence they would have been rolled down the other side, probably with fatal results. However, all went well, the villagers afforded prompt aid, the travellers were hospitably entertained for the night by the Marchese G. Cavalletti,

at Monteleone, and next morning returned to Rome by rail.—The foregoing is condensed from an interesting account written by Mr. Vansittart, who has also furnished the sketch from which our illustration is engraved.

MANLEY HALL, THE PROPOSED ART-GALLERY FOR MANCHESTER

ABOUT two miles from Manchester, on the south-east side—the fashionable side—where the ill effects of factory smoke are scarcely perceptible, stands Manley Hall, which was erected some five-and-twenty years ago by Mr. Sam. Mendel as his private residence. It is a splendid mansion in the Italian style of architecture, and contains nearly fifty rooms, nineteen of which are on the ground floor, and were especially designed with the view to the exhibition of works of art. The estate consists of seventy-eight acres, thirty of which are laid out as ornamental grounds and kitchen-gardens, the remainder being park land. As a proof of the purity of the air, Manley Park is the only place near Manchester where birds abound.

Some years ago, upon Mr. Mendel removing to London, the Manley Hall Estate was purchased by Mr. Ellis Lever, who subsequently offered it to the City of Manchester for the sum of 120,000*l.*, as a permanent Art-Gallery; the grounds being laid out for public recreation. This was the price Mr. Lever himself gave for it; and he further offered to give back 20,000*l.* of the purchase money towards the expense of adapting the Hall to its new function.

The proposal was very favourably received, but finally the Town Council came to the conclusion that they had just spent so much money (nearly a million) on a new Town Hall, that they must deny themselves this luxury.

Such public art-treasures as Manchester possesses are at present most inadequately housed in the Royal Institution, Mosley Street, where they are liable to serious deterioration by smoke. The people of Manchester are proverbially fond of pictures, and if Manley Hall was secured for the purpose, there is little doubt that it would become the nucleus of numerous munificent gifts from choice private collections, and would further become a most popular (and also most innocent) place of recreation.

We understand that Mr. Lever has parted with his interest in Manley Hall, but the property is still to be purchased, and it is proposed to start a public company for the purpose. If the scheme is carried out, besides a permanent art gallery, there will be special art treasure exhibitions, accommodation will be afforded for the meetings of learned societies, while part of the park land will be converted into a riding-ground. Manchester is quite big enough and rich enough to have a Rotten Row of its own, and altogether, considering how poorly our manufacturing towns are provided with the pleasures which are to be found in quite small Continental cities, we give our hearty good wishes to this proposal.

WOMEN WHO SCREAM

IN a clever novel, we believe by Mrs. Lynn Linton, one of the characters is aptly hit off as a man liking women who screamed easily, and there is little doubt that, roughly speaking, men may be divided into two classes, those who like to hear a woman scream and those who do not. And we may equally take it for granted that the habit of screaming divides women into two classes as well, and that it needs no psychologist to decipher the character of a woman skilled in such an accomplishment. Indeed, better advice to men about to marry than the cynical "don't" of *Punch*, were the following:—"Try the running cow," in other words, let the lover take the object of his affections into a field tenanted by an animal with these playful proclivities. If the young lady screams, instead of confronting the enemy, and if in spite of that scream her admirer persists, then all we can say is, that he more than deserves the misery in store for him. But where a running cow is not handy simpler tests are to be found—a pretty mouse, a timid frog, a harmless black-beetle, might equally well play their part in deciding human destiny. And for the wise, a scream suffices. No man in his senses would dream of marrying a girl who should scream at the sight of these inoffensive creatures, for if such shall be done in the green tree what shall be done in the dry? How will the woman who screams at nothing deport herself when her husband is brought home with a broken leg, her child has a fit, the family fortunes go to sudden ruin, the house catches fire, the ceilings fall in, the pipes burst, and to use Shakespeare's expression, "all is in extremity?"

The little scream, so feminine, and to some ears so appropriate in the days of white-muslin gowns, dainty little hats, and rose-bud cheeks, always blushing, will have a very different sound for the harassed man of business, the long-suffering husband, the anxious father; he will look with envy on those happy fellows who held different ideals of women, in their youth, unless, indeed, he belongs to that type of men to whom the companionship of a fool is preferable to the bare notion of superiority.

It is not only as an index of character but of birth and breeding that the little scream may be pronounced invaluable; no really well-bred woman would dream of screaming at a cow any more than of losing her temper with careless servants before company. She has been taught self-possession under emergencies as a duty owed to society, and it becomes a matter of course. A man therefore in choosing a wife should ask himself whether such a title of nobility is not worth having, and whether a calm, dignified bearing, presence of mind, and a reluctance to inflict discomfort on others, are not qualities that outlive mere beauty. Partly therefore to vulgarity and also partly to vanity must the scream be attributed. There are girls so helplessly addicted to self-adulation, women so morbidly anxious for notice, that they will do anything short of committing murder in order to attract attention. What they cannot effect by good looks, spirit, or even an attractive appearance, they contrive by the scream. A scream grates, a scream is odious, a scream has no meaning, but it makes the bystander stare; it awakens a spurious sympathy for the moment.

What harm a scream may effect in really trying circumstances we all know to our cost. Instances in point occur every day. Like the running cow, however, it may be arrested by a little determination, and there are one or two famous examples in Dickens' letters. Upon one occasion during his American campaign, an enormous gas burner fell down with an awful crash on to the platform whilst he was reading to one of his most numerous audiences. There was no danger of an explosion, but imminent peril of a panic, and Dickens, master of himself, always kept a steady eye on the tens of thousands before him. One lady rushed to the platform, screaming wildly, but Dickens smiling, with his hands in his pockets, said, "Take your seat, ma'am, it is all right," or something of the kind, never for a moment taking his gaze from the multitude. That fixed look and easy cool assurance saved the situation, but who, seeing how a foolish scream might have sacrificed dozens of valuable lives, could ever after fancy a "woman given to scream easily?"

In fact the ideal of women, fortunately for us all, and especially so for the generations to come, is now one of sweetness allied rather to strength, than sweetness allied to screams. Even Fielding, whose feminine types were none of the highest, admits that "there is a degree of courage which becomes a woman, and that many a woman who shrieks at a mouse or a rat may be capable of poisoning her husband, or, what is worse, of driving him to poison himself."

M. B. E.



THERE is a deal of reading in Mr. Rathbone Low's two volumes, "Soldiers of the Victorian Age" (Chapman and Hall); and no wonder, for he begins with General Sir Thomas Willshire, who served at Buenos Ayres in 1807, and whose service in our present Sovereign's time was against the Kaffirs, at the crushing out of a poor little Mahratta State called Kiltoor, and at the taking of Khelat in the Afghan War of 1832. Between him and Colonel Sir C. Pearson of Etshowe there is a great gap, though Mr. Low only divides them by General Sir G. Whitlock, of the Banda and Kirwee prize money. Then we have Lord Gough, Sir Vincent Eyre, Sir H. Durand, Lord Chelmsford, Sir Hope Grant, Lord Napier of Magdala, &c., without any definite arrangement, Lord Clyde closing the second volume. All these lives Mr. Low details in the spirited style which might be expected from a man who counts father, grandfather, and six uncles in the service. He is full of enthusiasm for his subject; indeed, he thinks the army has done in the present reign as much for our national fame as at any former time. We have rather looked on Queen Victoria's as the time of little wars; but some of these wars, though brief, have certainly been important. The book will be very useful to those who want to be posted up in the military history of the last fifty years.

Another book from Mr. Davenport Adams. We like it better than the last. His first title, indeed, "Plain Living and High Thinking" (John Hogg, Paternoster Row), gives no inkling of the thorough way in which he deals with "Self-Culture; Moral, Mental, and Physical." His chapter on the courtesies of home life and the true relation between parent and child are specially valuable nowadays, when a turning of the hearts of the children to the fathers is what so many are longing for. Physically, indeed, one would think the author of "Horse Subserviæ" was not well dealt with by his father; a very small study, in which the father often sat up till daybreak, and then shared his son's bed, seems a bad bedroom for a growing lad. Yet Dr. John Brown was a strong hale man; and, as Mr. Adams shows, the moral good to both more than counter-balanced any physical disadvantages. As an incentive to mental culture, Mr. Adams gives a fairly complete list of famous English authors, with brief and often very pertinent criticisms. John Lyly's "Euphues," for instance, he says, has been far too much underrated; and, while acknowledging Lord Lytton's defects, he notes that, unlike most writers, he bettered as he grew old, "The Parisians" being vastly superior to "Pelham." It is Lord Lytton's unwearied industry which, in Mr. Adams's opinion, makes him a pattern to students. Physical self-culture is dismissed in a few pages. Mr. Adams allows a little alcohol, and (grudgingly) a very little tobacco. His ways of conquering sleeplessness are promising, but we fear inordinate cases they would be of small avail. He certainly answers the question, "Is Life Worth Living?" in a triumphant affirmative: and his book is sure to do real good to any young person in whose hands it may be placed.

Mr. Poynter's name is warrant enough for the value of the Art text books which he has undertaken to edit. Those already published, "Classic and Italian Painting," and "Architecture, Gothic and Renaissance" (Sampson Low and Co.), the former by Mr. Poynter and Mr. Percy Head, the latter by Mr. Roger Smith, are admirably done. "Painting" begins with Egypt, and passes on to the Greek masters, of some of whose works we perhaps have copies on the so-called Etruscan vases, and on the walls at Pompeii, and in those ruins near the Baths of Titus, where have been found the finest existing relics of ancient painting. On early Christian Art, with its Pagan symbolism (Christ being Orpheus), and on Byzantine work there are some interesting remarks; and then begins the history of the Art-revival in which Pisa with Giunta, Siena with the earlier Guido and Duccio, and Florence with Cimabue and Giotto, all claim a share. Then early in the fifteenth century comes Fra Angelico of Fiesole; and from him down to the late Venetians, Canaletto and Tiepolo, every painter of note is duly characterised according to the school to which he belonged. Of the modern Italian school Mr. Poynter has a very poor opinion; he will not regard it as the lawful successor of the Art of former times; "it is little more than an echo of the modern French." Now that Italy has become a nation, her painters may once more rise out of triviality and meanness, "for a great national school of Art can only flourish under a sane and vigorous national existence." We must not forget, however, that Italian Art in the grand days was not national but local; and the polity under which it flourished, though vigorous enough, was often the reverse of sane. Part of Mr. Smith's volume was delivered in the form of lectures to the young military engineers at Chatham. He writes not so much for professional architects as for those "who pursue the fine arts as a necessary part of a complete liberal education." Starting at once with the pointed arch, with a too meagre reference to the different forms of Roman which in different parts of Europe preceded it, he follows the changes in architecture, first in England, then in France, then in Central, and lastly in Southern Europe. We wish he had given some hint of the origin of that style which spread so rapidly from Portugal to the Danube as he does of the origin of the Renaissance, which was, in architecture as in all else, a going back to classical models. Both volumes are on the whole well illustrated. We specially note the Alcazar at Toledo, the cathedral at Orvieto (ugly, as Italian Gothic always is), and the engravings after Michael Angelo in the volume on painting. Mr. Poynter's preface is a valuable introduction to the series, of which we do not hesitate to say that there is none more promising of the many sets of manuals now in course of publication. Art needs an education just as much as Science; and to give this education conscientiously is Mr. Poynter's aim.

Dr. R. J. Mann's treatise on "Domestic Economy and Household Science" (E. Stanford) has reached a second edition. It is intended as a text-book under the regulations of the Educational Department; and, beginning from atoms and molecules and vital and unvital air, and going on to the nature and use of food and its preparation, the nature and action of drink, and lastly the economy of money, it is we think admirably suited to its purpose. Nothing is omitted—nursing, ventilation, heat, animal warmth, the elements of living structure, are all treated of. Dr. Mann is very careful and conscientious; indeed, it savours of over-care to say that "the milk supply has a notable advantage over that of beef, for the same animal, if well cared for, can go on yielding milk for long periods; whereas the meat-supply of necessity ends when the animal is killed." One fact has, however, escaped him, the use of seaweed for stuffing "hair" mattresses; let him ask any upholsterer, or cut open a cheap mattress for himself. We thoroughly agree with what he says about keeping beds and mattresses clean—sunning them as often as may be. He is right, too, in exclaiming against the ingeniously cruel way in which children's feet are "thrust into a case of thick unyielding leather." It will be news to many that iron is contained in tea in some subtle form of combination which defies detection by the usual re-agents. The mention of this is an instance of the care which, as we said, marks the whole book.

When we read the title of Mr. Archibald Forbes's "Glimpses Through the Cannon Smoke" (Routledge) we had a vision of French and Prussians in deadly struggle, and Zulus swarming

up at Ulundi. Not so; this collection of reprints is, as the preface expresses it, "free, at least, from the fresh smell of burning powder." Indeed, one of the papers, "The Character Fair at Inverness," takes us to where no powder has been burned, save peacefully, since the '45. This, the great sheep fair, where Highland sheepmaster and Southron buyer meet, is so named because sheep and wool are bought, not from sample (not a sheep or a fleece coming into the town), but from the buyer's knowledge that the seller is a good man and true. "Christmas Presents by Post," too, is wholly unwarlike; though the wounded state of many of the dolls, bonbon boxes, packets of snuff, bouquets, &c., suggests warfare. A special table, where these are made as whole as may be, is called "the hospital." It is difficult to believe that a trussed fowl, a dish of larks done up in paper, and a dead puppy are among the presents; and it is sad to think of touching mementos, like the pencil case, with "For Papa" in big text, lying in the dead house for want of an address. But most trying to one's faith is the case of Miss Priest, who, engaged to a man she loved, would go in spite of him, as Ariel in thin gauze, to an Indian fancy ball. Nearer to the war-smoke, and decidedly the best story in the book is "How I Saved France." Many of us have read it already; it will bear reading twice.

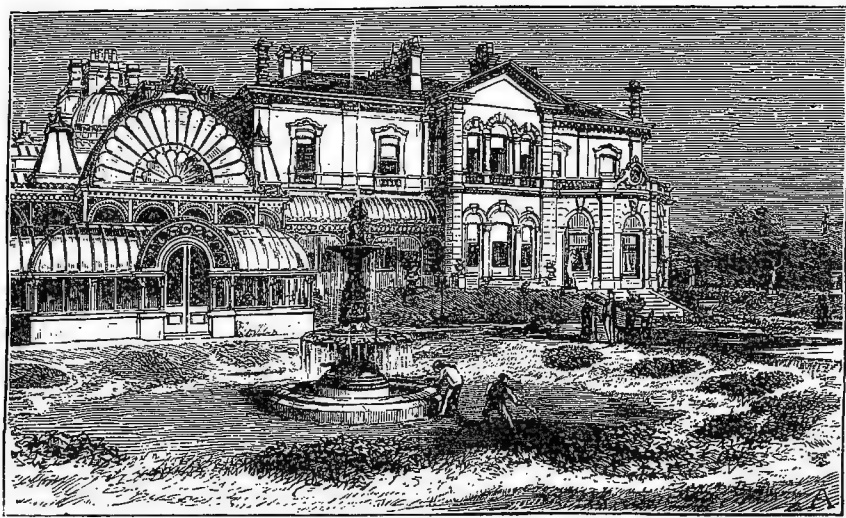
In "Our Sons, and How to Start Them in Life" (F. Warne, Bedford Street, Covent Garden), Mr. Arthur King undertakes to show first how boys may best be educated, and then how they may be set going in whatever their career is to be. Home education is, where it can be had, best, he thinks, for young boys. Caning he does not object to; "a moment's thoughtlessness is surely best punished by a momentary pang." Boarding schools he prefers to day schools. Private tutors at the Universities he thinks needless "for any but the very highest order of intellect; for others the college tutors are fully good enough." The list of schools of which he gives particulars is made somewhat at random; why Burton-on-Trent should be given and Tiverton omitted we cannot tell; and we demur to the statement that the education at Christ's Hospital is of the very highest class in every department. His second part we like better than the first. He gives useful hints about a start in the Church, the Law, the Army, and so on, down to naval apprenticeship and farming in the colonies. Fathers need reminding that, since, in the professions wholly and in business, to a great extent, connection is everything, they should choose for their sons careers in which friends can help them. The worst of it is, having so chosen, they sometimes find friends scarcely as ready as they might be. The book is a thoroughly practical one and will, we are sure, be very useful to perplexed parents.

Mr. Henry Froude, of 7, Paternoster Row, sends us specimens in three different sizes of his "Oxford Bible for Teachers," this edition being expressly printed for the Sunday School Centenary lately celebrated. These Bibles are especially adapted for teachers, inasmuch as they are furnished with a copious appendix, containing maps, a dictionary of proper names, a concordance, and various other items of information useful for elucidating the text.

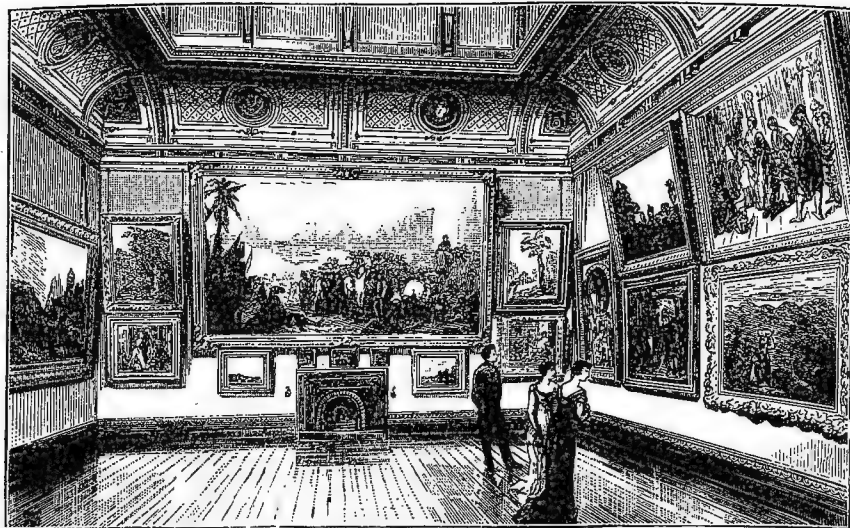
NOTE.—The enlarged edition of "The Life, Times, and Correspondence of Bishop Doyle"—reviewed in last week's issue—is not written by Mr. Fitzgerald, as was inadvertently stated, but by William John Fitzpatrick, LL.D., M.R.I.A., biographer of Lord Cloncurry, Lady Morgan, and other Irish notabilities.

AN ASSIZE ROMANCE.—Love may "laugh at locksmiths," but it is in a merry mood, and without malice. He has a special aversion, however, for those who, by underhand means and false pretences make their way into the sacred temple of Hymen. Love bides his time to take revenge. A case tried at the last Hertford Assizes was amply illustrative of this. There was a youth aged twenty-one, who lodged with a venerable lady whose years numbered threescore. Possibly she had entered on and passed her second stage of childhood, and fancied herself once again a maiden fair and free, for she "fell in love" with the young fellow, and worshipped him in secret for ten long years. Whether it was in consequence of her protracted pining that she became at length very ill did not transpire on the trial. Anyhow she took to her bed, and being, as she imagined, like to die, she sent for the young gentleman and made blushing confession. She had a little money, some two hundred pounds, and she desired to bestow it all on him; but feared that her relations might object if she made it his by will. There was another way, however. She had but a short time to live, and a marriage between them would be but a mere formal ceremony. She was willing, if he was, to become his wife, and then her property would become his beyond dispute. Two hundred pounds so slightly encumbered was not to be despised or hastily rejected; so the young man yielded, and the solemn ceremony was performed. But, unhappily, the bride failed in fulfilling one essential part of the agreement. She did not die. It was in the year 1873 when she intimated her intention of doing so, and in the present year 1880 she is still alive. The happy pair, it seems, have never lived together, the old wife accepting solace for her husband's society in shape of ten shillings a week. But lately, however, it was discovered that the man had married again, had been a bigamist for two years, and was living very happily with his second wife. It was the old lady's friends who made the discovery, and instigated the prosecution. The judge sent him to prison for three months, his second wife declaring in open Court that if he would return to her at the expiration of his sentence she would willingly receive him.

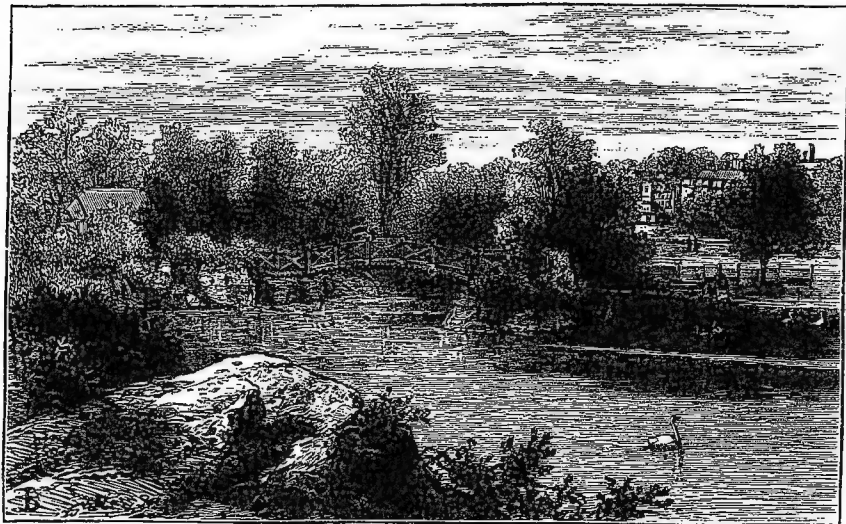
BOY LABOUR IN LONDON.—An instance of the danger likely to arise from impulsive and uninquiring philanthropy appears in the police reports. It had its origin in a case of "School Board tyranny." The parents of a child were unable to pay a small fine imposed by the magistrate, and in default the husband was sentenced to a short term of imprisonment. Indignant paragraphs appeared in the newspapers, and the result was a brisk inflow of subscriptions for the solace of the martyred man. This was several weeks since, and recently the poor fellow appeared once again before his worship, this time not as an offender against School Board law, but charged with assaulting his wife with a poker. He had it appeared been so deeply affected by the sympathy shown him that ever since he had been unable to "settle down" to anything but drinking. We hear much of the cruel hardship inflicted on parents of sturdy growing boys by compelling their attendance at school, when they are fully capable of earning a living, but on the other hand, there may be some foundation for the assertion that in many instances the pinch of the shoe mainly consists in indolent and sordid fathers being driven to work, instead of subsisting in great part on the earnings of their children. Were investigation possible it would probably be found that there are thousands of willing little fellows, barely thirteen many of them, who, being called on to turn out and help support their younger brothers and sisters, cheerfully respond, and work from early morning until late at night for a weekly wage of five or six shillings, their daily ration of food being a few slices of bread carried with them and a penny or so to purchase a "relish" for dinner. Little chaps of this class may be seen trooping over our bridges as early as six and seven in the morning by hundreds, and it will be eight or nine at night ere their weary feet plod homeward—the children of the industrious mechanic class, as well as those whose fathers are lazy ne'er-do-wells: and it is not a little remarkable that, while the advanced and enlightened artisan, who is a staunch upholder of the limited hours of labour system, and would hold out to starvation point, rather than work ten hours and a half a day, instead of ten hours, sees no harm at all in little Jack and Bill, his boys, toiling from daylight until dark, even though there be thirteen comfortless hours between.



THE SOUTH TERRACE



THE PICTURE GALLERY



RUSTIC BRIDGE



POOLSIDE



THE WINTER GARDEN



THE WINTER GARDEN



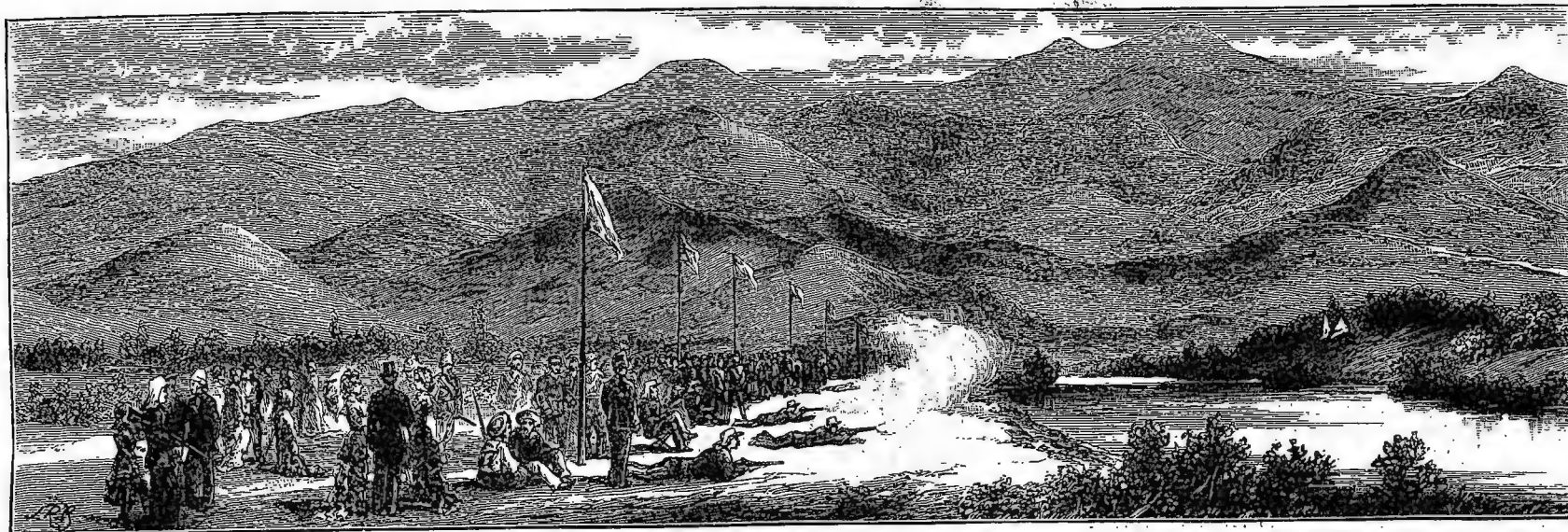
THE DRAWING-ROOM



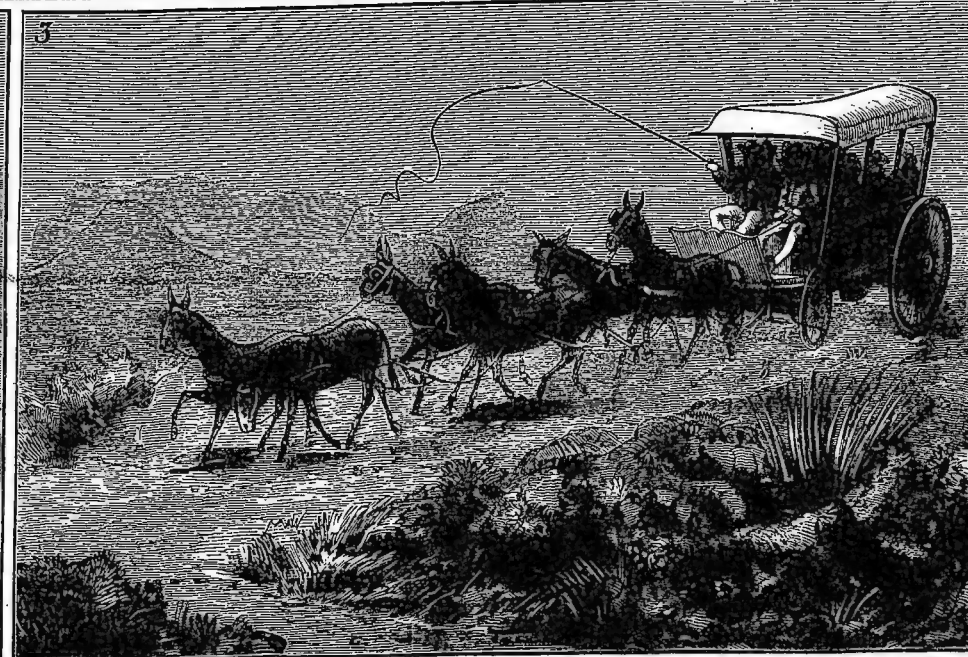
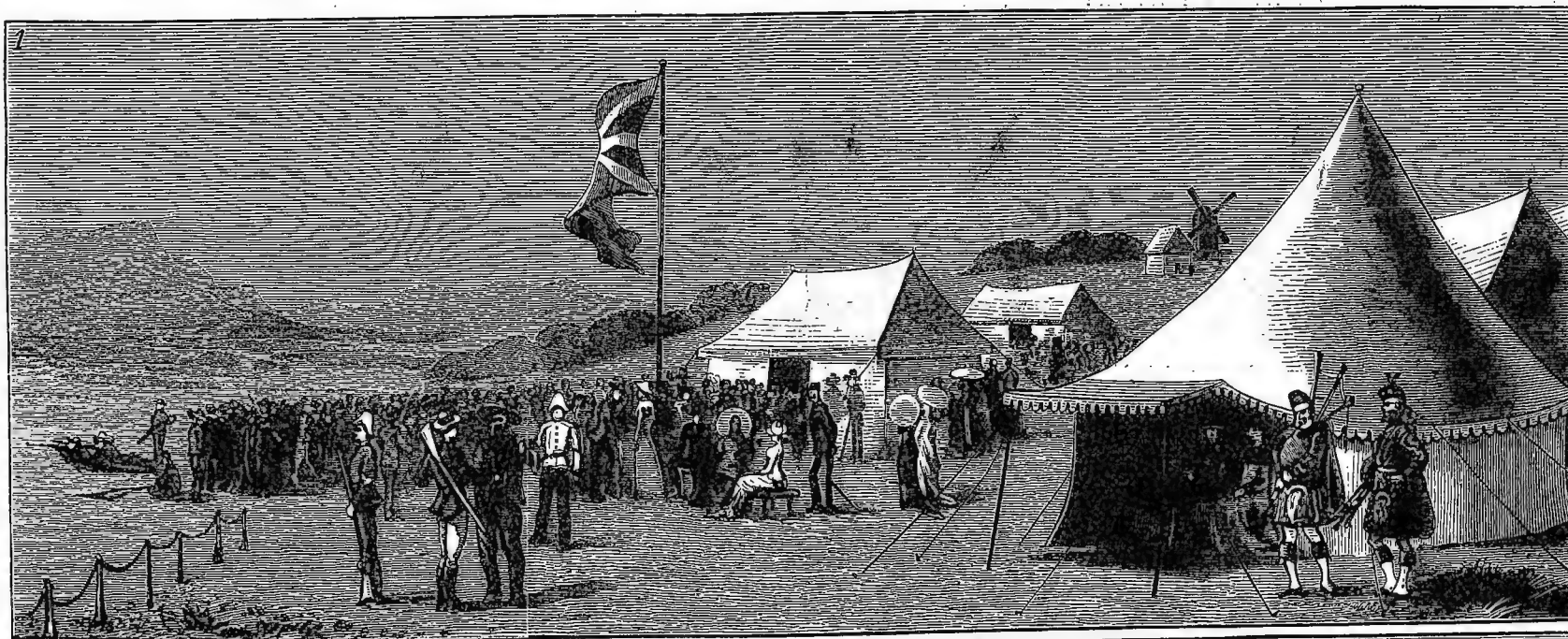
THE DINING-ROOM



SERGEANT ARMSTRONG
THE CHAMPION SHOT OF THE BRITISH ARMY, 1878-9



COLONIAL WIMBLEDONS — RIFLE MEETING AT BRIGHTWATER, NELSON, NEW ZEALAND



1. The Camp.—2. Shooting for the Governor's Prize, Last Stage, 1,000 Yards.—3. The Return, Table Mountain in the Distance.

COLONIAL WIMBLEDONS—FIRST PRIZE MEETING OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN WIMBLEDON ASSOCIATION AT D'URBAN, CAPE COLONY



AFFAIRS IN THE EAST.—The outlook is apparently worse than ever. The Porte is manifestly determined not to accept the recommendations of the Berlin Congress, and is certainly making extensive war preparations, as though it intended to resist them by force. A considerable force has been despatched to Salonica, troops whose time has expired are being retained in Thessaly, reinforcements are being sent to Adrianople lest the Bulgarians should take advantage of any outbreak of hostilities, the Albanians are being openly encouraged to resist, and recruiting for their army is carried on in the streets of Stamboul, while the forts at Gallipoli are being set in order, and preparations are being made to close the navigation of the Dardanelles by torpedoes. All this does not promise a quiet settlement of the difficulty, while even if the Porte ostensibly yields, and consents to the proposed cession of frontier, it is evident that Greece will not be allowed to enter upon her new possessions peacefully, for, as we have said, the Albanians are being stirred up to mischief, and Albanian governors have been appointed to three of the principal towns in the territory allotted to Greece. The Albanians are an exceedingly warlike people; and, supplied with modern arms and ammunition by the Porte, and possibly with trained officers, will be able to offer a formidable resistance to the Greek occupation. Not that they would resist from any love to the Turks and their rule, but with the object of ultimately obtaining their independence—a fact of which the Porte is perfectly conscious, so much so, indeed, that it is generally admitted that in any case Albania is practically lost to Turkey. However, the Porte appears ready to make even this sacrifice in order to thwart the wishes of the Powers. In the mean time there have been two Ministerial changes, Osman Pasha being at last superseded by Hussein Pasha, a former Governor of Scutari, and Dervish Pasha, the Commander of the Imperial Guard, being replaced by Hakki Ismail Pasha.

There is little doubt that any outbreak of hostilities in Epirus or Thessaly will be followed by a general rising in Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia, where the Unionist movement is growing more and more formidable. In Bulgaria proper also there are signs of active military preparations, and the return of a large number of Russian officers is in no way a peaceful omen. Large numbers of Russian volunteers in uniform also are arriving at Rustchuk. The Montenegrin difficulty is still in abeyance, and it is probable that, as Prince Nikita has not concealed his intention of taking advantage of any complications which may arise on the Græco-Turkish frontier, the Porte may now be disposed to conciliate him by coming to an arrangement. In the capital the greatest uneasiness prevails, and the Christian population continue to be exceedingly apprehensive. In the Palace, as usual, the councils are divided, and plots and counter-plots are being actively carried on by the war and peace parties respectively. The Collective Note, although published in various directions, has not yet been formally presented to the Porte. When this is done the Sultan will be compelled to reveal a little more definitively what line he is prepared to adopt. In the mean time Mr. Goschen is warmly urging pacific counsels upon him. The lady who had taken refuge with our Ambassador has been delivered up to the Turkish authorities.

The Porte has replied to the Note of the Powers respecting the reforms in Asia Minor. It states that the Porte has always borne in mind the proposed reforms, and that competent officials have been sent into the provinces to devise means for the proper protection of the Armenians, that the civil tribunals have been separated from the executive power, and are being reorganised, and that an efficient Gendarmerie and police force are being created. Moreover, it is proposed to reorganise the territorial administration, and the present districts are to be divided into communes, each containing several villages. These will be administered by a Communal Council, elected by the inhabitants, and one of the members will be appointed "Administrator," and endowed by the Governor-General with executive functions, having at his disposal a force of gendarmes. In fact, he will be a species of French provincial Maire. He is to belong to the same religious denomination as the majority of the electors, while his assistants will belong to the religion of the minority. Besides all this, Courts of Assize are to be established, and public instruction and works of public utility are to be "encouraged."

FRANCE.—The National Fête has been the all-absorbing theme. The Amnesty difficulty was finally settled on Saturday, when the Senatorial amendment, excluding from the Amnesty all persons condemned to death or penal servitude for assassination, except those whose sentences had previously been commuted, was unanimously passed by the Chamber. As this only excepted 17 persons out of 805, the amendment was a mere nominal modification of the measure previously voted by the Chamber. On Sunday accordingly a decree was published, announcing that the President of the Republic accorded entire remission of punishment to all persons condemned for having taken part in the insurrectionary events of 1870-71, and in subsequent insurrectionary movements. The seventeen prisoners mentioned above are included in the pardon, but not in the Amnesty—that is, their civil rights are not restored to them. The various journals of a Communistic hue are insultingly triumphant at the return of their heroes, but exhibit their characteristic want of taste and moderation, declaring that, though amnestied themselves, they do not amnesty their opponents, and the very name of M. Rochefort's new journal, *L'Intransigeant*, intimates that a vigorous campaign against the present régime is to be begun. That most irreconcilable journalist arrived in Paris on Monday, being received at the station by an enormous crowd, who cheered him vociferously, but no disturbance took place.—There is little other political news. The Senate has passed the Bill reducing the wine and sugar duties, while the Chamber has voted a sum of 360,000*l.* towards the construction of the Sahara Railway. On Thursday the Assembly was prorogued for the summer.—The Jesuit agitation appears to be calming down, and as it is expected that the Council of State will make very short work of the actions at law, the good Fathers are making arrangements to settle elsewhere, and are dispersing all over Europe, from Wales to Spain, or even the Iron Gates on the Danube. The number of magistrates and public prosecutors who have resigned in consequence of the decree now amount to a hundred and sixty, all of whom the *Figaro* enrols in what it calls its *Livre d'Or*.

On Wednesday the long-expected fête duly took place; and never, even in old Imperial days, has such a popular festivity been so enthusiastically celebrated. The proceedings really began on the previous evening, when various receptions were held in the official world; while grand musical torchlight processions paraded the streets, the *Marseillaise* resounding in every direction. In fact, it is doubtful if Paris slept at all, as the unveiling of statues began as early as eight on Wednesday morning. The streets were most profusely hung with the national flag, and the whole city seemed transformed into one mass of red, white, and blue—houses and shops, horses and vehicles, all being ablaze, in some form or other, with the tricolor, while men and women sported tricolor cockades and button-hole ribbons. The Place de la Bastille was especially resplendent with flags and Venetian masts. It had been intended to raise up a large model of the façade of the old fortress, whose capture by the people the day commemorates, but this idea was abandoned at the last

moment, only the site of the building being marked out with stones; while another gorgeously ornamented region was the Place de la République, as the old Place du Château d'Eau is now named. Here was erected a model of the Statue of the Republic by Morice—a colossal female figure holding an olive branch, guarded by a lion, and flanked by gigantic figures. Triumphant arches were erected at various points, and even the churches were gay with bunting, and a huge cross was erected over the door of the Madeleine. The chief feature of the official programme was the presentation of the new flag of the Republic to the standard-bearers of the 436 regiments of the French army. This took place at Longchamps, where the racecourse had been fitted up for the purpose. A huge pavilion had been erected to accommodate the Government; and under a high canopy of red velvet, and in three crimson and gilt chairs, sat the three presiding deities of the Republic, MM. Grévy, Léon Say, and Gambetta. On M. Grévy's arrival all the troops presented arms, and two guns were fired to announce that the proceedings had begun. M. Grévy then made a short speech to General Farre, the Minister of War, and his suite, announcing the presentation of the new flags to the army, after which a deputation from each regiment came forward and bowed to the President as the ensign was handed to the colonel by an aide-de-camp, this ceremony being accompanied by half-minute guns from Mont Valérien and the playing of various bands on the ground. A grand march past concluded the ceremony, which was over by three o'clock. Numerous public concerts were given in the afternoon and evening, and at 9 p.m. several magnificent displays of fireworks took place. The whole city was illuminated, the public offices being ablaze with light, while the various squares, gardens, and monuments were hung with small lamps. Notre Dame was effectively lit up by the electric light, and has been described as looking like a "huge porcelain edifice." There were numerous private and municipal festivities, foremost amongst which was the Ball of the Dames des Halles. The great market place was turned into a ball room, and the bonnie fishwives and market women wore the costume of 1789, with the green cockade in their caps.

Beyond the festivities there is little news from Paris. *Garin*, a new play by a new writer, M. Paul Delair, has been produced at the Théâtre Français. It is a melodrama of old feudal times, and contains strong reminiscences of *Macbeth*, and, though striking as a spectacle, is not—at least, so say the critics—likely to succeed as a play pure and simple.

RUSSIA is actively continuing its preparations for a war with China, and one vessel which recently left for Chinese waters, the *Rostja*, carried 4,000 troops, 8,000,000 cartridges, 10,000 torpedoes, and two large torpedo boats. Other vessels are fitting out, and naval transports are also being chartered for the Pacific from foreign ports. General Kaufmann left for Kuldja six weeks since, while troops have been sent northwards to reinforce the detachments on the Chinese frontier. It is stated that Colonel Prijevasky, the Russian explorer, and his followers are prisoners in the hands of the Chinese, while it is also reported that the Chinese have pillaged a Russian caravan. All negotiations, however, do not appear to be broken off, though it is a significant fact that at a diplomatic dinner given by the Chinese Embassy at St. Petersburg last week no Russian guests were present, although the representatives of all the other Powers attended.

CHINA, on her side, seems to be also on the alert, and the forts at the mouth of the Peiho are being armed with Krupp guns, while on the river itself fifteen gunboats have been stationed to protect the capital. Should a war ensue the Russian plan of campaign will be manifestly to land her troops south of Peking, and cut off all communication with the southern provinces, while a large force from the River Amoor would march upon the Chinese capital from the North.

GERMANY has done a very graceful action. The anniversary of Sedan is not to be commemorated this year officially, and the grand parade and monster tattoo of the Guards will take place on August 30th instead of September 2nd.—The Emperor is now on his autumn tour at Ems. The military manoeuvres will take place at the latter end of next month, and the Emperor has invited the Duke of Connaught to be present.

ITALY.—For the third time the Chamber has voted the abolition of the Grist Tax, and there is considerable speculation as to whether the Senate will again venture to reject the measure.

The Pope has issued a memorandum on the subject of the rupture between Belgium and the Vatican in the form of a long and exhaustive narrative. His Holiness has also, it is said, written an autograph letter to the King of the Belgians, in which, while expressing his regret at the suppression of the Belgian Legation, he appeals to the King's heart and religious sentiments not to tolerate this slight offered to the Catholic Church, of which he has always shown himself an affectionate son.

INDIA AND AFGHANISTAN.—Abdurrahman Khan has not yet arrived in Kohistan, having probably been unable to manage for the transport of his troops, who number 1,000, with six mountain guns and baggage, across the mountains, the whole district between Khanabad and the Hindoo Koosh being unfriendly to him. He has, however, again written to Mr. Lepel Griffin, expressing a strong desire for a friendly settlement. A large number of people are flocking to join him from Maidan, Logar, and the Ghilzai country, and many of the Sirdars at Cabul have tendered their allegiance to him. In the mean time our military authorities are taking all due precautions: General Gough occupies a commanding position to the north of Cabul, and controls the roads leading to Kohistan, General Macpherson covers the Chardeh Valley, and threatens Maidan in the event of an outbreak; while the Ghazni field force remains at Logar, where, by the way, Mahomed Jan has arrived, and is evidently organising a large gathering to show a formidable front to Abdurrahman on his arrival. In Cabul itself provisions are very dear and scarce, and great distress prevails. In the south Ayoob Khan is still marching upon Candahar, the plunder of which city, enriched by the British occupation, he is said to have promised his troops. Wali Mahomed Khan and the British detachment are advancing to meet him.

A concession for a railway from Bareilly to Raneebagh at the foot of the Nynce Tal hills has been granted to a company by the Indian Government.—One of the first acts of the new Viceroy, Lord Ripon, was to abolish all official work on Sundays.

UNITED STATES.—The Presidential electioneering campaign continues to engross the public attention, and Mr. Garfield, the Republican candidate, has expressed his profession of faith in a letter accepting his nomination. He maintains the rights of the nation, rejects the principle of State supremacy, and declares that the election laws should be executed, the rights of electors everywhere protected, and the votes honestly counted. He maintains that the wounds of the Civil War cannot be healed until every citizen is secured in the free and equal enjoyment of every civil and political right guaranteed by the Constitution and the laws, while popular education should be fostered by the State, but no public revenue devoted to sectarian schools; and the separation of Church and State in everything concerning taxation should be absolute. He favours a "tariff which would enable America to compete fairly with foreign capital and labour, and urges the widest hospitality to immigration, except to the Chinese," remarking that "the influx of so much servile labour is an evil which must be restricted."—A new method of putting down drunkenness has been adopted by the authorities of Medford, Massachusetts, who have decided that the names of all persons who have been convicted of drunkenness during the past six months, and all persons convicted thereof in the future, shall have their names posted in every licensed place, and the proprietors notified not to sell liquor to them.



THE Queen and Princess Beatrice will leave Windsor on Monday for Osborne, where they will probably remain a month. On Saturday Her Majesty and Princess Beatrice visited St. George's Chapel, and were conducted by the Dean to the vault beneath the Albert Memorial Chapel, where the remains of the late King of Hanover were interred, and subsequently inspected the memorial tablet in the nave and the cross outside the chapel erected to the memory of the late King. In the evening the Duke and Duchess of Connaught arrived at the Castle. On Sunday the Queen, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, and Princess Beatrice attended Divine Service in the Private Chapel; the Rev. Phillips Brooks, of Trinity Church, Boston, preached. The Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone had an audience with the Queen on Monday, and the Duke and Duchess of Connaught left the Castle. In the evening Prince and Princess Christian dined with Her Majesty. On Tuesday the Duke and Duchess of Connaught arrived from London and lunched with the Queen, after which Her Majesty, the Princess Beatrice, and the Duke and Duchess came to town, and were present at an afternoon party given by the Prince and Princess of Wales at Marlborough House. Her Majesty and the Princess Beatrice subsequently visited the Duchess of Westminster, and returned to Windsor in the evening. On Wednesday the Queen, accompanied by Princess Beatrice, reviewed the Aldershot Division, under General Sir D. Lysons, in Windsor Great Park.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, with their children, were present at Divine Service at the Church of St. Mary Magdalene, Sandringham, on Sunday morning; the Rev. F. Hervey preached. On Monday the Prince and Princess, their family, and the Prince Louis of Battenburg, returned to Marlborough House, and in the afternoon were present at a concert given by Mr. H. Leslie's Choir in St. James's Hall. The Prince and Princess afterwards dined with Lord and Lady Carington. On Tuesday the Prince and Princess gave an afternoon party at Marlborough House, and on Wednesday the Prince and Princess were present at the Review held by the Queen in Windsor Great Park; the Prince as Colonel-in-Chief of the Household Cavalry Brigade, heading the three regiments during the review. In the evening the Prince and Princess returned to town and dined with the Earl and Countess of Rosslyn. Princes Albert Victor and George of Wales will probably go for another cruise in the *Bacchante*—this time to the Pacific.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught paid a farewell visit to the Grand Duke Alexis of Russia on Saturday morning, and afterwards went to the Crystal Palace to distribute the prizes at the annual prize festival of the Royal Normal College for the Blind. On Monday the Duke and Duchess went to the Gaiety Theatre in the evening. On Tuesday the Duke of Connaught distributed the prizes at the meeting of the Prince Consort Windsor Association for the purpose of improving the condition of the labourers in the several parishes surrounding Windsor, and, together with the Duchess, was present at the Prince and Princess of Wales's afternoon party. The Duke and Duchess were also present on Wednesday at the review held in Windsor Park.—The Duke and Duchess will lay the foundation stone of the new buildings at Hampstead of the North London Hospital for Consumption and other Diseases of the Chest.—Princess Christian presided on Tuesday at the opening of the new infant schools recently erected at Windsor.—The Grand Duke Alexis of Russia left London on Saturday morning on his way to St. Petersburg.—The ex-Empress Eugénie will arrive in England at the latter end of this month, and, after a short stay at Chiselmurst, will go to Arenenberg for the autumn. While in England she will visit the Queen at Osborne.



THE SUNDAY SCHOOL CENTENARY.—This week there have been some further celebrations in connection with the Sunday School Centenary. On Saturday demonstrations were held at various places in the Midlands, notably at Oldham, where 20,000 children took part in the proceedings, and the town was extensively decorated with flags in honour of the occasion. On Sunday at Canterbury, about 1,400 scholars attended a special service in the Cathedral, where the Dean preached; at Leeds, services were held in thirty-three Nonconformist chapels, the children were presented with commemorative medals, and Sir C. Reed, M.P., delivered an address. The Bishop of Manchester preaching at Rochdale said that if the Centenary resulted merely in processions and a few extra tea meetings he did not think much permanent good would accrue, but it would be a blessed thing if it enabled them to find out the weak places in their armour and make Sunday Schools more useful. He should like to see a Conference of Representatives of all Denominations for the purpose of ascertaining whether it was not possible to adjust their differences in order that they might have a common Christianity running through all the Sunday Schools of the land.—On Monday a meeting of Sunday School teachers of all Denominations was held at Sheffield. Sir C. Reed, M.P., who was one of the speakers, contended that now that Sunday Schools were relieved of the duty of providing secular education they should be made distinctly religious; and asserted that it was not the children of the poor who most needed instruction in Scriptural subjects.—On Tuesday some 9,000 children paraded the streets of Coventry, and afterwards partook of a tea provided by public subscription, and the Mayor planted a "Raikes Centenary Tree."—At West Hartlepool there was a similar celebration, and a Conference of ministers and teachers at which the Rev. H. Mann read a paper on "Sunday Schools and Modern Thought."

THE FRENCH JESUITS.—The Council of the Catholic Union of Ireland (of which the Earl of Granard, K.P., is president) has passed a resolution expressing "deep sympathy with the Jesuits of France in the persecution under which they are now suffering;" protesting against the great wrong done to them "in raking up against them an edict obsolete for over two hundred years;" and calling "upon Her Majesty's Government to take such steps as they shall deem necessary and fitting to protect the rights and property of British subjects from being affected by this most unjust action on the part of the French Government."

THE LONDON JUNIOR CLERICAL UNION held a meeting in the Chapter Room of St. Paul's Cathedral, on Monday, at which a number of addresses were delivered on Indian University Missions. The meeting was preceded by an early celebration of the Holy Communion in the Crypt Chapel of the Cathedral.

EXETER HALL passed on Saturday into the possession of the Young Men's Christian Association, through the munificence of Messrs. J. D. Allcroft, C. K. L. Bevan, S. Morley, M.P., G. Williams, T. A. Denny, and E. Denny, who have subscribed the purchase-money, 25,000*l.* An additional sum of about 16,000*l.*, half of which has already been subscribed, will be required for the

contemplated alterations and improvements, which it is hoped will be completed so as to admit of the reopening of the Hall early next year.

PAINTING IN CHURCH.—The *Lancet* thinks that, considering the defective ventilation of many churches, it is not at all wonderful that fainting in church should be of frequent occurrence, and suggests that district medical officers might bring more influence to bear on the churchwardens and wardens of chapels in regard to the subject. "Meanwhile," it says, "it cannot be doubted that there is room for a little serious argument on the subject, and ministers might do well to remonstrate from the pulpit with congregations in which the 'habit' of fainting is prevalent. In some chapels attached to lunatic asylums there are special apartments for the accommodation of epileptics who have 'fits.' It would almost seem that in some churches and chapels there should be rooms set apart for the retirement of those who contemplate fainting."

CONCERTS IN CHURCHES.—The Council of the Free and Open Church Association, in their annual report recently issued, regret "the growing tendency to use the parish church as a concert room for the purpose of assisting the school, organ, or church-repair funds, or other similar objects. In some cases, they say, no attempt is made to give the service a really devotional character; the charges for admission to the various parts of the building are advertised with the most unblushing detail. In one instance it was thought necessary to print conspicuously in the "programme" that no expressions of applause would be allowed; and in another in order "to surmount the objection against making a specified charge, under whatever pretext, for admission to a place of public worship, a guarantee fund was formed to meet the heavy expenses contingent on such a gathering, seats being reserved only for subscribers," and though the remainder of the church was full, it was, of course, understood that all who attended should subscribe at least five shillings to the guarantee fund. The Council consider that the annual service at St. Paul's on the Dedication Festival, when the whole of the seats in the body of the cathedral are free, is a proof that the introduction of elaborate musical compositions as a part of Divine Service can be carried out without transgressing the principles of the Association.

THE WESLEYAN METHODIST CONFERENCE, which commences on Tuesday next, will meet in the City Road Chapel, and the Session will last nearly three weeks. The connection numbers 37,678 members, besides 25,784 probationers. Special prayer meetings in connection with the Conference have been held during the past fortnight at the Centenary Hall, Bishopsgate Street, and generally throughout the country.

ATHEISM IN NORTHAMPTON.—An urgent appeal has been made to the Christian Colportage Association to send a colporteur to Northampton to counteract the infidel teaching there. Several subscriptions in aid of the scheme have already been received, and one sum of 10*l.* has been promised if the colporteur is sent by the 1*st* of August. About 25*l.* is still needed.

THE REV. CANON MILLER, D.D., Vicar of Greenwich, died on Sunday in his sixty-seventh year, after a painful illness which had lasted about six weeks. He was an eminent member of the Evangelical party, the author of many sermons, tracts, and pamphlets, and an earnest and indefatigable church worker, especially during his twenty years' ministry at St. Martin's, Birmingham. He was a strong supporter of Mr. Gladstone, and was one of the few clergymen who supported the proposition for Disestablishing the Irish Church.



ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—Since our last there has been nothing particular to speak of, except the appearance of Madame Sembrich as Marguerite de Valois in the *Huguenots* (Saturday). By this fresh essay the much-applauded lady fully maintained the position she has won. M. Jules Cohen's *Estella*, announced, "for the third time," on Monday, was, at the eleventh hour, set aside, and the irrepressible *Barbiere di Siviglia*, with Madame Adelina Patti and Signor Nicolini as Rosina and Almaviva, substituted. It is worth while noting that Madame Patti, who was accustomed, as a rule, to transpose the cavatina, "Una voce poco fa," half a tone higher, now, as a rule, sings it in Rossini's own original key (E), by which it gains incalculably. The music, by the way, having been composed for a *mezzo* soprano, enables the great artist, whose middle and lower notes have been so developed of late, to accomplish this with ease. On Tuesday Madame Sembrich gave her third and last performance of Lucia. On Wednesday the *Puritani* was given, with Madame Albani as the heroine. The part of Elvira is one now closely identified with the admired Canadian songstress; and in plain truth it has not been sung and acted so well since the time of its last great representative, Angelina Bosio. On Thursday, *Semiramide* (beloved of the Wagnerites—who would give something for the privilege of exploring its wealth of melody) was repeated, "for the benefit of Madame Adelina Patti," whose dignified bearing goes far to make us believe that the Assyrian Queen was not necessarily a lady of commanding stature or robust physical configuration, and whose superbly finished vocalisation would have won many a nod of approval from the "Swan of Pesaro" himself. The performance last night, "for the benefit of Madame Albani," was to consist of what the French denominate a *representation coupée*, including the first two acts of *Mignon*, and a scene from *Norma* with the expressive cavatina, "Casta Diva," the Druid Priestess's invocation to the Moon, as its prominent feature. This would seem to indicate a resolution on the part of Madame Albani to attempt, sooner or later, the character of Norma, which from Pasta, the original (Milan, 1822), downwards, has tested the capability of so many a dramatic singer of the first rank. For to-night, the last of the season, Madame Patti is to appear—not in accordance with a generally expressed desire as Catarina, in *L'Etoile du Nord* of Meyerbeer, but as Violetta in the *Traviata* of Verdi.

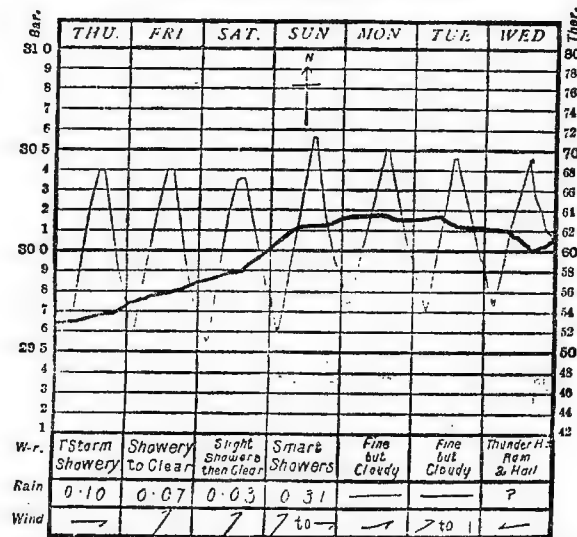
HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Here, too, we have nothing but repetitions to speak of, with the exception that Madame Etelka Gerster has added Elvira in the *Puritani* to her Lucia, Amina, and Linda. In some respects we are inclined to regard Elvira as the Hungarian lady's most finished assumption, and parts of the music assigned to that character could hardly be sung very much better. That Madame Gerster has not succeeded in justifying the lavish encomiums bestowed upon her from the first, it is useless to deny, but that she has exceptional gifts and remarkable talent as a vocalist must be admitted by all impartial critics. As an actress she remains just what she was from the beginning. Two repetitions of *Mefistofele* have confirmed its success, and so far as England is concerned Signor Boito may be added to the small number of those who, like Byron after *Childe Harold*, awoke one day and found themselves famous. Each new hearing strengthens the impression derived from the first. *Mefistofele* is undoubtedly a work destined to make its mark, and that but occasionally—as for instance in the Prologue and the scene on the Brocken ("La Notte del Sabba"). The garden scene, though much less sentimental, is quite equal to Gounod's

treatment of the same situation, the final quartet, which creates so lively an impression, being admirably dramatic; while the scene of "Margaret in Prison" (in which Madame Nilsson surpasses anything and everything she has previously done) is a masterpiece from beginning to end. The Kermesse, on the whole, cannot be compared with that of Gounod. The rest, including the "Sabba classico," "Helen of Troy" (with Madame Nilsson for a Helen to account for all contingent disasters), and finally the Epilogue, we are willing to leave to competent judges, desirous of justifying our own opinion through the aid of further experience. Enough that *Mefistofele* is an opera which, in barren times, has brought with it a fresh sensation. The subscription season closes to-night with another representation of the successful new work. On Monday, however, a second series of performances will begin.

WAIFS.—The theatre now being erected in Rome is to be called "Teatro Nazionale."—The opera chosen to "inaugurate" the opening of the new theatre at Frankfurt on the Maine is Verdi's *Aida*.—In New York a theatre is to be built exclusively for performances, lyric and dramatic, in German, at the cost, it is said of 300,000 dollars.—Wagner, his *Parsifal* being nearly completed, has another work already in contemplation.—At Bologna the erection of another theatre is decided upon.—Miss Emma Thursby, the American soprano so admired both in Paris and London, left yesterday for a tour in Norway, accompanied by the Norwegian vocalist, the once famous Ole Bull.—Boito's *Mefistofele*, so successful at Her Majesty's Theatre, is to be given in the autumn season at Madrid, Barcelona, Lisbon, Warsaw, and St. Petersburg. Paris, it may be presumed, will be the last to welcome it.—Mlle. Zaré Thalberg has returned to Barcelona. Her appearances in London this season have been "too few and far between."—Madame Adelina Patti, previous to going on the continent, will pass some time at her newly erected residence in South Wales.—A once well-known and popular singer, Fanny Huddart (Mrs. J. Russell), who will be pleasantly remembered by many a lover of English opera, died recently.—Signor Boito has returned to Italy, where he will doubtless receive many congratulations from his compatriots on the success of his *Mefistofele* in London.—Signor Schira, composer of *Nicola dei Napoli*, leaves for Milan to-day, to confer with Boito, the poet-composer, about the promised libretto for his next opera.—Louis Gueymard, who for many years, as successor to Duprez and Roger, held the position of leading tenor at the Paris Grand Opera, died last week at the village of Fargeau, near Corbeil, in his fifty-eighth year.

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK

JULY 8 TO JULY 14 (INCLUSIVE).



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—There is no change whatever to report in the state of the weather, which continues very showery and unsettled. A smart thunderstorm occurred on Thursday (8th inst.), and rain has fallen every other day, with the exception of Monday and Tuesday (12th and 13th inst.), when the weather was temporarily fair. On Wednesday (14th inst.), at about midday, there was another severe thunderstorm, during which a heavy shower of very large hailstones occurred, the lightning at the same time being very vivid. Temperature has changed very little; the highest day readings have varied between 67° and 71°, the night readings between 50° and 55°. The winds have been light or moderate from the south-westward or westward throughout the week. The barometer rose gradually during the earlier part of the time, but after remaining almost steady for a few hours on Monday and Tuesday (12th and 13th inst.) is now falling slowly. The barometer was highest (30.18 inches) on Monday and Tuesday (12th and 13th inst.); lowest (29.64 inches) on Thursday (8th inst.); range, 0.54 inches. Temperature in the shade was highest (71°) on Sunday (14th inst.); lowest (50°) on Thursday (8th inst.); range, 21°. Rain fell on five days. Total amount, at Brixton, 0.53 inches. Greatest fall on any one day, 0.31 inches, on Sunday (14th inst.). Over the City and northern parts of London the fall on Wednesday (14th inst.) was very heavy.



THE TURF.—There has been plenty of racing during the week in different parts of the kingdom, Liverpool and Manchester having held their July meetings, while in the east Yarmouth, and in the south Kempton Park, have celebrated equine festivals. It cannot, however, be said that the running anywhere has been of an exciting or even interesting character, and nothing much has transpired to cast a light on any future events of importance. Take it all in all, perhaps the Liverpool Meeting was the best worth attending, though the Summer Cup, which is generally considered the chief handicap, only produced six runners. As usual, it had given rise to some previous speculation, and, as usual, backers of favourites burnt their fingers, as more than one public fancy was struck out last week. The half-dozen which came to the post were all backed at some price or other, but at the last Von der Tann was deposed from the place which he had held for some days previously, and Westbourne reigned in his stead, being backed at 5 to 2. This terrible deceiver, though he had Fordham in the saddle, once more put his friends in a hole, and it would be strange if they ever trusted him again. He is one of those horses who undoubtedly can do, and does, great things at home, but through some infirmity of temper or temperament declines to do them abroad. The winner turned up in Blackthorn, Lindrick running second and Misenus third. Thus, with only six horses to deal with, the backers and the prophets were almost as far out as they could be. Another tremendous blow for both was experienced in the Gerard Stakes, when Angelina, with the odds of 9 to 4 on her, was bowled over by Eos.—The Bend Or scare, after all, has not subsided. The unreliable character of the Eaton Hall stud book, and the evidence laid before the stewards of

the Jockey Club at Newmarket, did not enable them to come to any decision, or even to tender any advice to Messrs. Brewer and Blanton, the joint owners of Robert the Devil. Much, therefore, as legal proceedings are to be deprecated in such a matter, it would seem that the gentlemen just named have only the alternatives of letting the case drop, or bringing it into a law court; and probably before these Notes are in the hands of our readers a formal protest will be entered against the Derby stakes being paid over to the Duke of Westminster. In the mean while, Bend Or continues to be backed as first favourite for the Leger, and if, as it is said, the legal proceedings in question cannot be completed before that race is run, we may have confusion worse confounded.

CRICKET.—Among the inter-county matches of the last few days, that between Middlesex and Nottinghamshire, at Lord's, has been the most important. It was remarkable for the two small totals of Middlesex—62 and 94—notwithstanding the great batting power of the Metropolitan county; but the bowling of Shaw and Morley was irresistible. Notts scored 125 in the first innings, and won the match by nine wickets.—At Brighton, Kent has beaten Sussex; but the match between Lancashire and Yorkshire, at Sheffield—very evenly played as far as it went—had to be abandoned in consequence of the rain.—A one-day's match on the Orleans Club Ground, Twickenham, between gentlemen riders and professional jockeys, created plenty of amusement. For the former Sir J. D. Astley, Captain Middleton, and Mr. F. G. Hobson did best service; and for the latter R. L'Anson and J. Cannon. The game was eventually drawn in favour of the Jockeys.—Under the head of "Illustrations" we have given some account of the match between Eton and Harrow, at Lord's. It was a very good exposition of Public School cricket, the steadiness of both elevens under rather exciting circumstances being most remarkable. To Paravacini, Polhill-Turner, and Hughes-Onslow, Eton is mostly indebted for the good fight she made; while Harrow has specially to thank Mr. C. Kemp for his excellent generalship, as well as for his efficient services behind the wicket, A. F. Kemp for his batting and effective slow bowling, and Hadow for his two contributions of 28 and 49. The Kemps are brothers of Middleton Kemp, who was the Harrow captain a few years ago, and also played for Oxford against Cambridge.

ATHLETICS.—At Lillie Bridge the Ten Miles Amateur Championship was won by C. H. Mason, in 56 min. 7 sec., from eight competitors. The best amateur time was that of J. Gibb, who did the distance at Stamford Bridge, November, 1877, in 54 min. 49 sec.

BICYCLING.—The Fifty Miles Amateur Championship, promoted by the Bicycle Union, has again resulted in the victory of H. L. Cortis, who completed the distance in 2 h. 56 min. 11 2-5 sec., which was 10 sec. more than he took last year.



THE LAW OF LIBEL.—The Select Committee appointed to inquire into this subject recommend that no criminal prosecution for libel published in a newspaper shall be commenced against the proprietor, publisher, or any one responsible for the publication of a newspaper, for any libel published therein, without the *fiat* of the Attorney-General being first obtained. They also recommend that the names of all newspaper proprietors should be registered, with full particulars of address and occupation, at the office of the Registrar of Joint-Stock Companies.

THE DOCTRINE OF ESCHEAT.—On Saturday a curious inquiry was held at Birkenhead by the Crown Commissioners, the object being to ascertain whether the property of the late Mr. Alexander Stewart, worth about 3,000*l.*, should be escheated to the Crown. It was shown that he had died intestate and childless, and that being himself an illegitimate son, he could have in law no blood relations, and consequently no heirs. The property was, therefore, adjudged to the Crown, subject to the widow's right to one-third.

CONFLICTING JURISDICTION.—Last week a bankrupt named M'Culloch was arrested in London and handed over by the Scotland Yard authorities to the custody of an Irish detective, who at once proceeded to take him off to Dublin. While they were awaiting the departure of the train from Euston Station, another detective from Liverpool appeared on the platform with a warrant for the bankrupt's arrest; but, as M'Culloch was already in custody, this officer had to go back empty-handed.

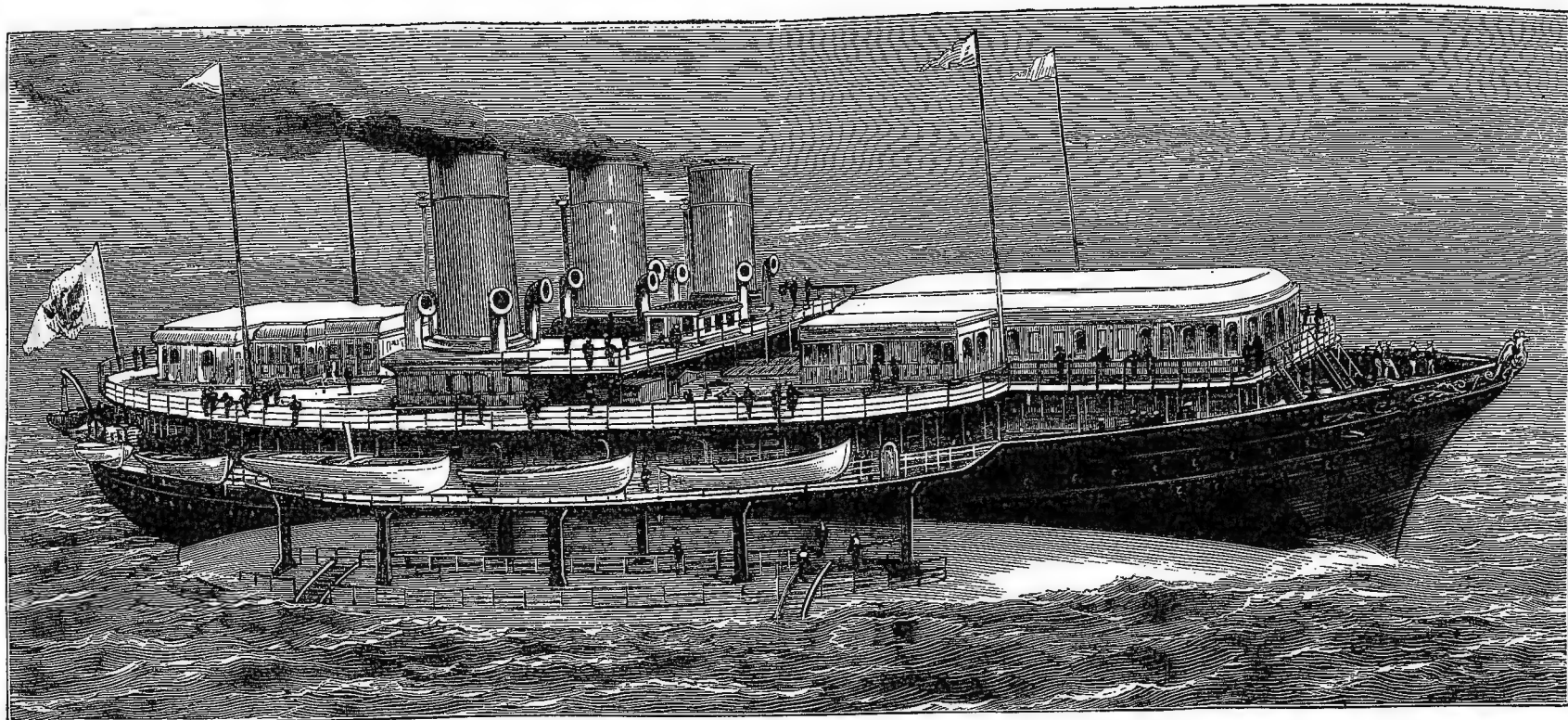
BANKRUPTCY LAW REFORM.—The Mercantile Law Amendment Society is now obtaining signatures to a petition to Parliament, praying that as a comprehensive measure for the amendment of the Bankruptcy Act, 1869, cannot be passed this year, a short Bill may be passed to abolish the system of "liquidation by arrangement and composition." To convince the House of the urgency of the matter they cite a number of facts and figures, among which is the statement contained in the last annual report of the Comptroller in Bankruptcy, "That in nearly half of the cases of composition the creditors on an average did not get more than one shilling and sixpence in the pound; and in the same number of cases of liquidation the debtors only gave up enough assets to pay for the expense of registering a resolution," the creditors not getting a single shilling.

RECALCITRANT JURYMEN.—At the Northampton Assizes, out of fifty-five grand jurymen who were summoned to meet Mr. Baron Huddleston, only thirteen answered to their names. Twenty-nine of the absentees were fined 25*l.* each.

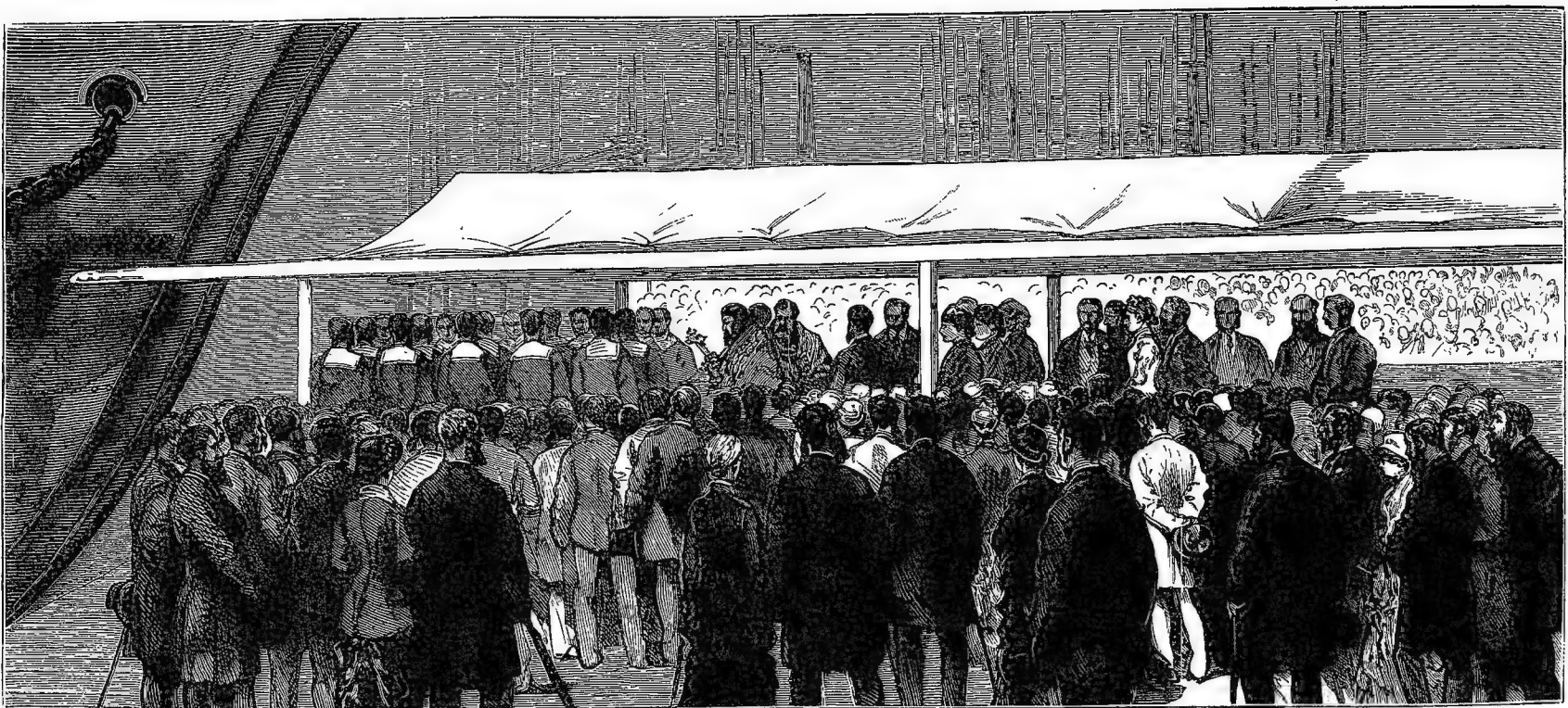
THE TICHBORNE CASE.—The Claimant's friends, still sanguine in spite of repeated failure, have applied to the Attorney-General for his *fiat* to enable them to appeal to the House of Lords against the recent decision of the Court of Appeal in respect to the Writ of Error.

AMENDING A VERDICT.—A singular question of law arose at the Brighton Quarter Sessions the other day. A man tried on a charge of theft, was found "not guilty on account of his previous good character," and the Recorder ordered his discharge. He accordingly left the dock, and some of the jury left the box for refreshment, when one of the jurymen said that a mistake had been made by the foreman, who was a foreigner, and the verdict should have been guilty, with a recommendation to mercy. The prisoner's counsel protested vigorously, arguing that the man having been once discharged was beyond the jurisdiction of the Court, but the Recorder decided that the jury had not "separated" in the sense laid down by precedents, and it was quite within their province to amend their verdict. This was accordingly done, and the accused was sentenced to a month's hard labour.

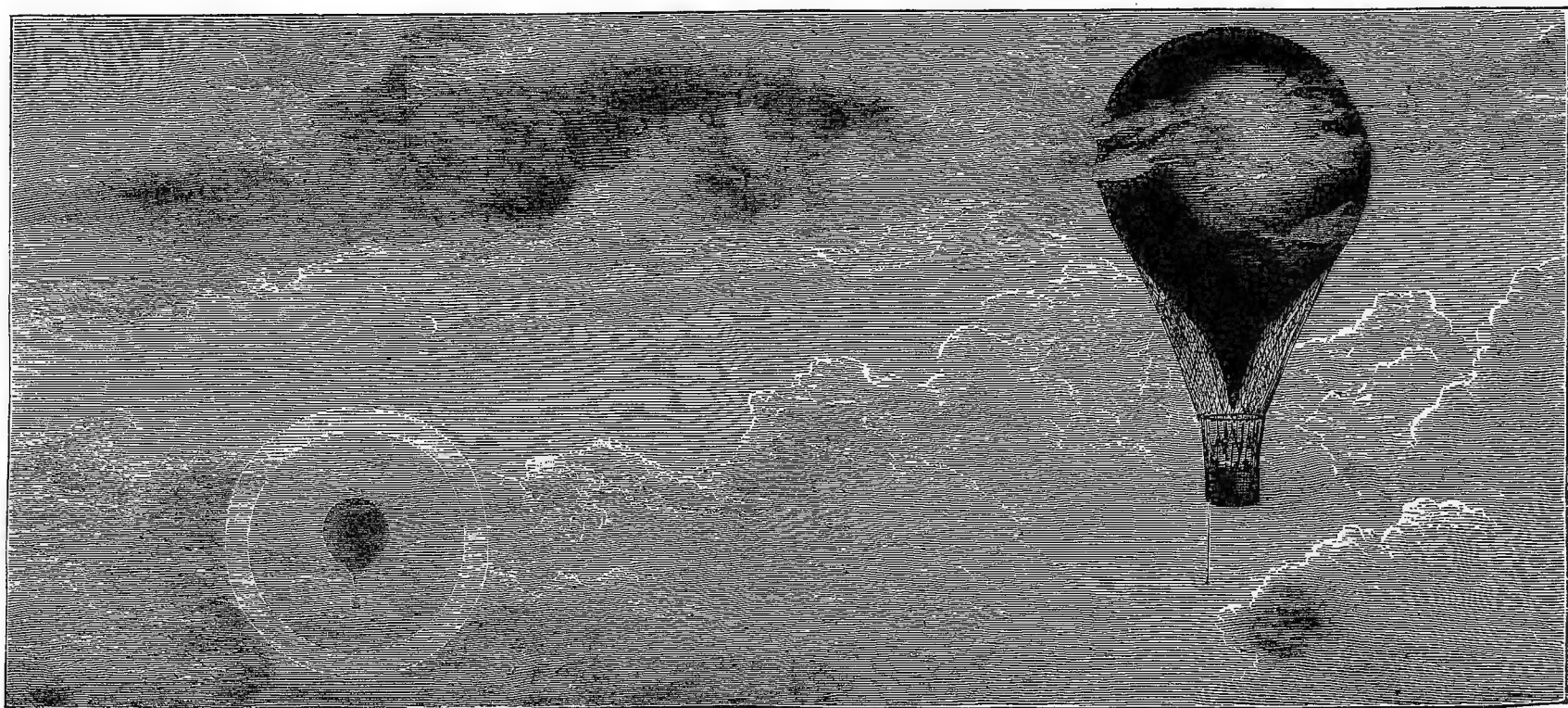
RESPONSIBILITY FOR A WIFE'S DEBTS.—A curious case was heard last week at the Chester County Court. The defendant, an elderly gentleman, who was sued for the value of goods supplied to his wife, had it appeared married a young lady, who was employed as a Post Office clerk at Rugby, arranging with her to keep the union a secret from his family. She, however, became dissatisfied with her position, and some time ago presented herself at his residence, when he turned her away and slammed the door in her face. Since then she has been living with her mother at Chester, where she obtained credit from various tradesmen, who



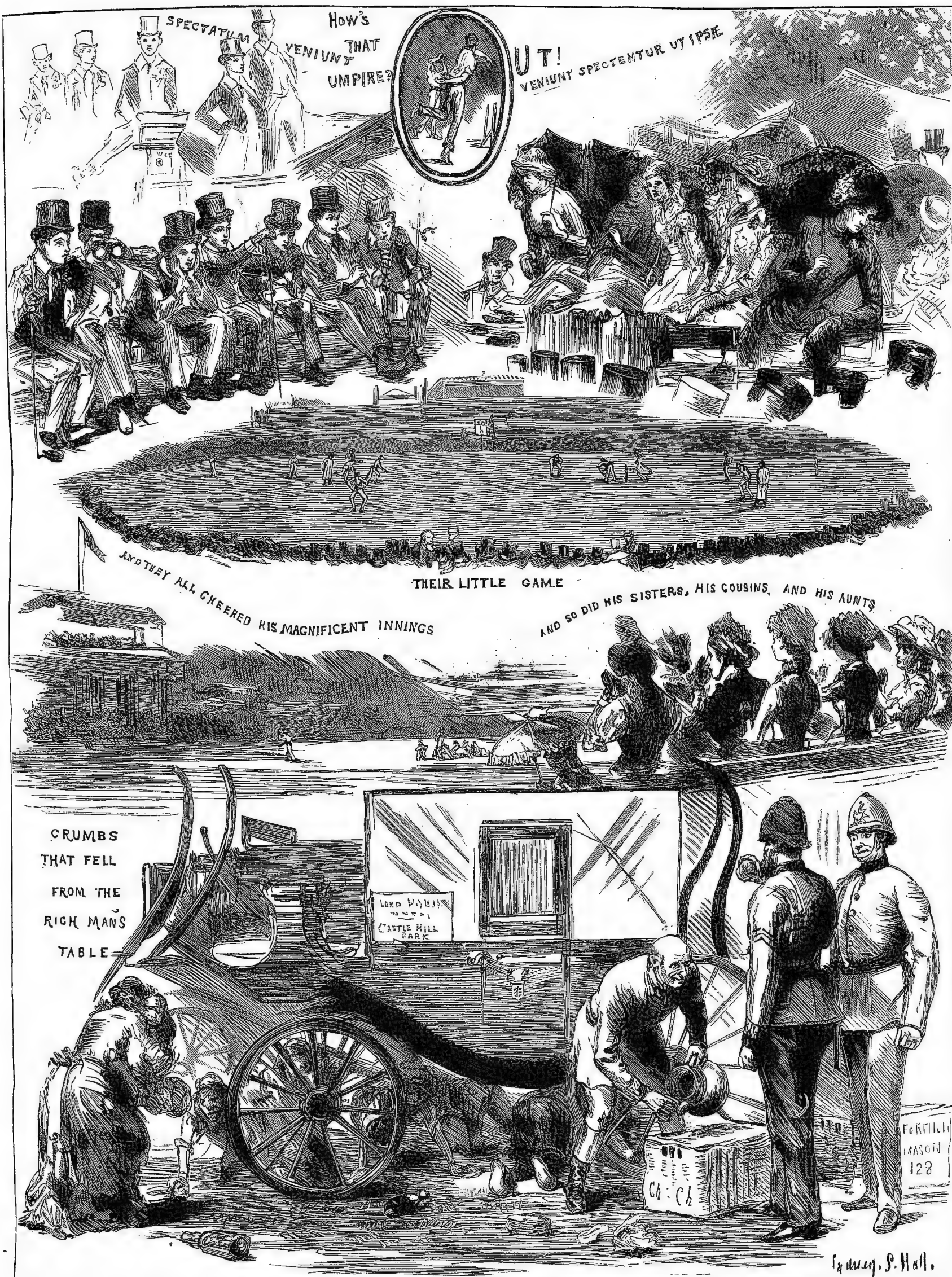
THE CZAR'S NEW YACHT "LIVADIA"



THE LAUNCH OF THE LIVADIA—THE PRIESTS BLESSING THE VESSEL



IN A BALLOON FROM ROME TO RIETI—AN AERIAL MIRAGE



NOTES AT THE ETON AND HARROW CRICKET MATCH

now sought to recover the amounts due. Judgment was given for the plaintiffs on the ground that as the lady was without any allowance, and had been deprived of the advantage of a home through no error of her own, and without her consent, she was entitled to pledge her husband's credit for necessities, but the judge warned the plaintiffs that it was not absolutely incumbent on the husband to caution tradesmen against supplying his wife with goods.

THE LATE CHIEF CLERK of the Waterworks Department at the Manchester town hall, who absconded a few months ago, after embezzling 3,347l. belonging to the Corporation, and who was subsequently apprehended at Paris, has now been convicted, and sentenced to ten years' penal servitude.

A DETERMINED RESISTANCE was last week made at Retford by a man who, having disregarded a summons for drunkenness, had had a warrant issued against him. Three policemen were sent to arrest him; but as soon as they entered his house he got out of the

window, climbed to the roof, and, planting his legs firmly in two adjoining chimneys, began pelting them with tiles and bricks. In this manner he kept them at bay from ten o'clock on Friday night until two the next morning; but he had to yield at last, and will now have to perform six months' hard labour for the assault on the police, as well as one month for getting drunk, and also to forfeit a bond of 40l. in which he had been bound some months ago to keep the peace.

THE HOME SECRETARY has reduced the sentence passed by the Cambridge magistrates on the lad Arthur George for stealing flowers from a garden, from three months to fourteen days.

THE MURDER IN A WORKHOUSE.—At the inquest on the body of the man Alfred Harris, who was killed in the City of London Infirmary, some extraordinary evidence was given with regard to the conduct of the workhouse officials, and the jury, in spite of the protest of the coroner, insisted in returning a lengthy verdict, which was in effect one of wilful murder against the insane

Russian, and of manslaughter against Dr. Buncombe, the senior medical officer, whom they held to be guilty of gross negligence in placing the deceased, defenceless as he was in consequence of being paralysed, in the same ward as a madman without seeing that an attendant was constantly present; and whom they also blamed for allowing four and half hours to elapse after the murder before giving notice of it to the police. The coroner issued his warrants against the two accused persons, but accepted bail for Dr. Buncombe.

A LIGHT SENTENCE was imposed by the Durham magistrates upon four inhuman miners, who, meeting with an imbecile lad by the roadside, stripped him, rolled him in a bed of stinging nettles, and also brutally assaulted a policeman who came to his rescue. The Chairman of the Bench remarked that, had the case been worse, it must have been murder; and yet the savages got off with four months' hard labour each.

MARRIAGE.

On the 7th inst., at St. Mary's, Glasgow, by the Right Rev. the Bishop of Glasgow and Galloway, DAVID J. URQUHART, Glasgow, to JANE E. A. LESTER, elder daughter of WILLIAM LESTER, Glasgow.

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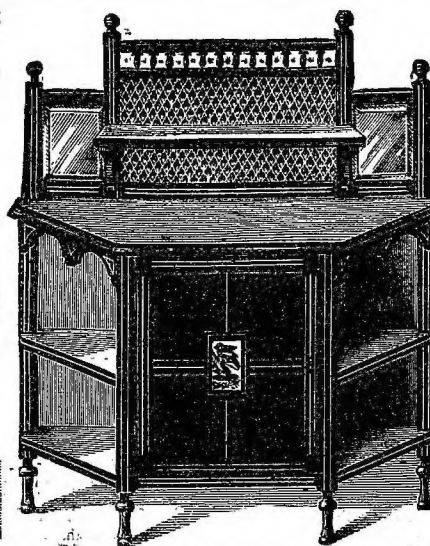
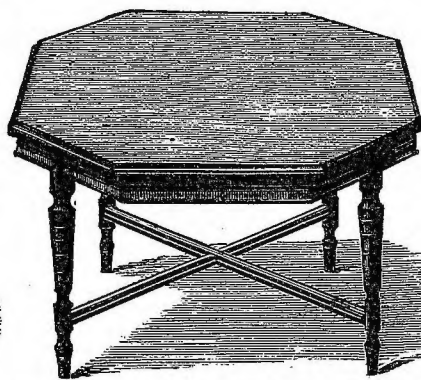
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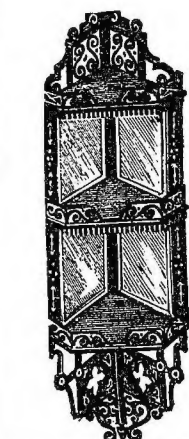
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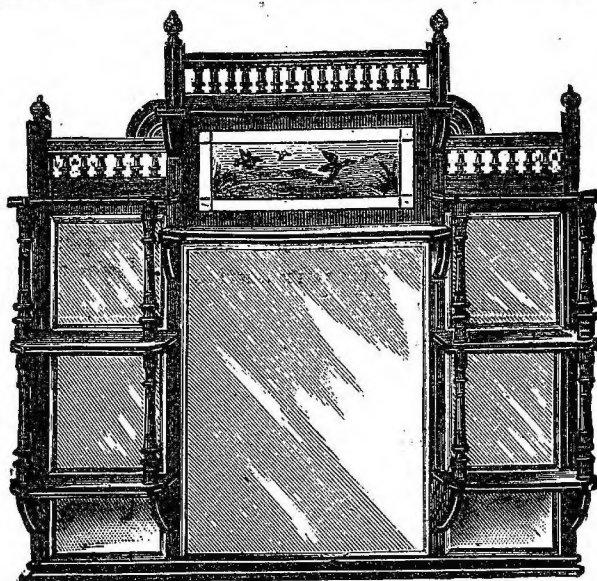
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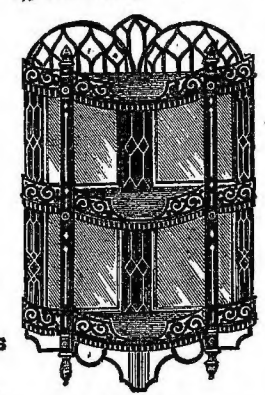
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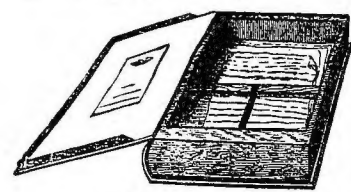
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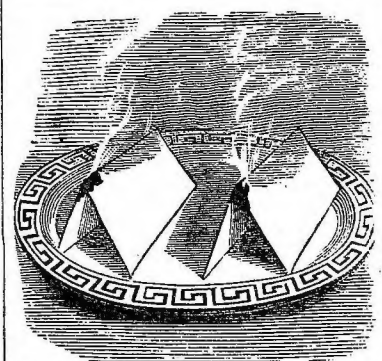
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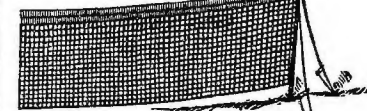
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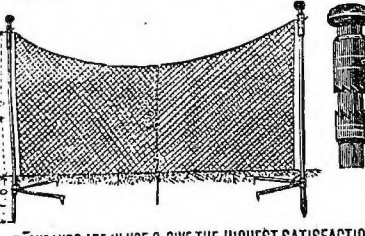
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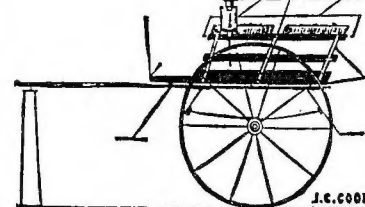
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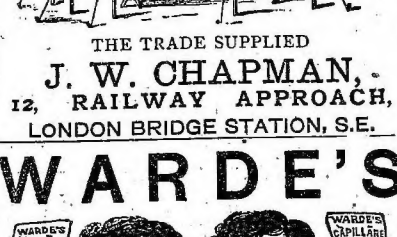
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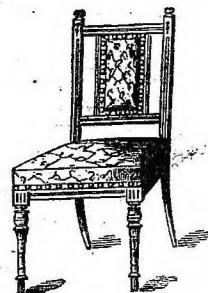
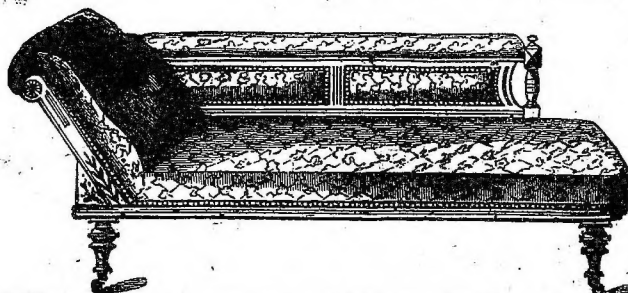
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